National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 40. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1,184.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"COPPERHEAD" RELIGION.

[The following resolutions, says *The Independent*, were offered and passed at a Society meeting of the Old Church at New Preston, Conn. We copy them *verbatim et literatim.*]

Resolved, That in vew of the fact of our Fore Fathers depriving themselves of the comforts & necessities of life in many casess to provide a purmant Fund of $5,000 or mcre for this the first Ecclesiastical Society of New preston the interest of which to be used for the supprt of the preaching of the Gospel truth & that only & for no other perpose whatever And knowing the fact that a considerable portion of sd interest has bin paid out for the last few years for other perposes, bing for the perpose of instructing & Educating our growing population to hate and dispise a large proportion of our beloved brethering in an other section of this United States bretchering of our own blood & kin. And exspecting at the time in the end to destroy and dssolve this once most prosperous & hapy Unin & to trample under our feet the old constitution which our Fore Fathers fought bled and died to establish & to set at naught the highest Tribunal of this United States & to establish a one man power which (for shame) we have lived to see accomplished & knowing as we do well know that the people of not only this community but of the whole New England States have ben miss led by these men who ought to be above suspicion or elce this County would never have undergone the change it has for the last 2 years a change which our children *nay our Great Grand* children never can live to see repaird & knowing as we know that these blood thursty creatures are still thursting for more blood, As Beecher sd not one month since he was for *War to the Knife* War redr than blood & then thanked God for the present Civil War the sam speach has recently been made in this House. In vew of all these facts we not only feel it a duty we owe to ourselves, but to our Forefathers who subscribed to our fund & to our Maker who knows all that this Ressolution with the accompaning one be passed and placed upon the Records of this Society.

Voted that the Pulpit Committee of this Society be instructed and they are herby instructed that whenever they employ a Minister of the Gospel to preach in their Meeting House on the Sabbath they shall first inform sd Minister that he is employed to preach the Gospel truth according to Bible doctrine Christ & him crusified & that only. That he is strictly requested & prohibited by a vote of this Society from delivering any discourses of any description upon the subject of the Present War & tht he shall not alude to the matter neither in prayer nor surmon.

[We are informed that at a subsequent meeting the same Society instructed their Pulpit Committee not to allow any meetings of any description in their house of worship "on the Sabbath or weak days, except those that are strictly religious."]

"THE ACCURSED YANKEES."

[The following precious specimen of slaveholding wrath and billingsgate is from the Richmond *Examiner* of Jan. 26. We beg our readers to observe that it is not alone or specially the people of New England who are thus anathematised, but those of the whole North.]

THE custom of denouncing the Yankees is becoming common. Under the soft influences of a serenade, President Davis likens them to hyenas; Gov. Letcher, in his mild way, insists that they are a heaven-defying, hell-deserving race, and pleasantly consigns their Chief Magistrate, Abe Lincoln, to a doom more fearful than that of Devergoil. Is it to be wondered that Mr. Lincoln has had a trouble on his mind ever since this fearful doom was pronounced upon him; that he is getting gray, and finds it difficult to tell a dirty anecdote every ten minutes during the day?

The practice of villifying the Yankees has gotten into the newspapers. Editors spend most of their time in concocting diatribes against a contemptible race, whose only defect is a proneness to all that is foul and everything that is evil. Why should a people so despicable be aspersed? Even this newspaper, careful as it is never to say a word that would disturb the most placid tea-party, has been known to speak disrespectfully of a race which the civilized world, with one consent, acknowledges to be "its last and vilest product." One would suppose that creatures so abounding in the stenches of moral decomposition would never be alluded to in decent society. But somehow the habit of expectorating upon the vermin that swarm the Northern dunghill, has gotten the better of gentle natures, and the time drags heavily on the Southerner who refuses to indulge himself some twenty times a day in a volley of direful anathemas against the Yankees.

Reflecting persons tell us that this is altogether wrong. We should restrain ourselves, and be scrupulously polite when speaking of these abominable villains. We should recollect that these infernal scoundrels are human beings, and bear in mind the fact that they never lose an opportunity of heaping the most ungracious abuse upon ourselves. Nor should it be forgotten that they have attained an almost inconceivable perfection and dexterity in lying, so that if it were possible for us to match them in billingsgate, we would still be at their mercy in the trifling matter of falsehood. We are told by our philosophic friends that it should serve to cool the intensity of our hatred to remember that they are hourly committing every crime known to man, and some with which even the fiends are not familiar; that a thrill of delight should pass through us, when we recall the pleasing circumstance that upward of a million of these incarnate demons are hired by the year for the sole purpose of murdering us, burning our houses, killing our cattle, stealing our slaves, destroying our crops, and driving our wives and helpless children into the waste-howling wilderness, in mid-Winter; that a genial glow of the purest love should pervade our hearts at the thought that they candidly avow their purpose to exterminate us, to kill every one of us, men, women and children, to take our possessions by violence; in a word, to annihilate us, to destroy us from the face of the earth, so that our names shall no more be heard among men.

There is another view which should encourage us in the purpose henceforth to cherish an affectionate regard for the accursed beings at war with us. To the well-regulated mind, the beastly practices of beasts excite no disagreeable emotion; and it is said that the scientific intellect finds a world of enjoyment in the contemplation of the disgusting utility of the lowest order of creatures. Surely, the feast of the vulture upon carrion is not reprehensible, and occasions in the beholder no special wonder, and never any animosity against the bird for gratifying his somewhat peculiar tastes. So the tiger that laps blood and the beetle that gorges excrement are but Yankees of the animal kingdom, accommodating the wants of nature; and it were folly to impute to them improper motives in partaking of their ghastly and sickening repasts. It follows that our feeling toward the people of the North, the scarabæi and vipers of humanity, should be charactized neither by rage or nausea, but by a fixed cheerful Christian determination to interpose sufficient obstacles between them and ourselves; to curb their inordinate and bloody lusts by such adequate means as natural wit suggests, and, as a general thing, to kill them wherever we find them, without idle questions as to whether they are reptiles or vermin. A certain calmness of mind is requisite to their successful slaughter. The convulsions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches.

The foregoing reflections are suggested naturally enough by the accounts in Yankee newspapers of Butler's triumphal progression from New York to Washington and back again to Boston. A great hue and cry has been raised at the South because the spawn of Northern cities saw fit to prostrate themselves before this new Haynau, this modern Verres, returned from his conquests—this beast emerging from his cave filled with dead men's bones. Why this outcry? Wherefore assail the brute clotted with gore, or the chimpanzees that danced and chattered at his coming, and beslobbered him with praise? What had this hog-hyena done contrary to his instincts, that we should so berate him and his worshippers? He hanged Mumford. That was true Yankee courage. He had issued a hellish order against the ladies of New Orleans. That was unaffected Yankee gallantry. He had put the Mayor and hundreds of others into dungeons. That was the Yankee conception of the proper method of administering the laws of "the best government the world ever saw." He had banished from the city more than twenty thousand people, who refused to perjure themselves by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. That was the Yankee idea of justice.

He drove these people off without a change of clothing and with only fifty dollars in money. This was the Yankee idea of humanity. He confiscated property by millions. This was Yankee honesty. He supplied the rebels in Texas with munitions of war and pocketed the proceeds of the cotton received in exchange. This was a smart Yankee trick. His troops were whipped at Baton Rouge while he was in New Orleans; he was never under fire and never smelt gunpowder, except at Hatteras when the long range guns of his fleet opened upon a mud fort which had no ordnance that could reach him two miles off; and on the strength of this he issues an address as pompous as Satan's speech to the legions in the bottomless pit. This was making material for Yankee history. After inflicting innumerable tortures upon an innocent and unarmed people, after outraging the sensibilities of civilized humanity by his brutal treatment of women and children, after placing bayonets in the hands of slaves, after peculations the most prodigious and lies the most infamous, he returns, reeking with crime, to his own people, and they receive him with acclamations of joy in a manner that befits him and becomes themselves. Nothing is out of keeping; his whole career and its rewards are strictly artistic in corruption and in execution.

He was a thief. A sword that he had stolen from a woman—the niece of the brave Twiggs—was presented to him as a reward of valor. He had violated the laws of God and man. The law-makers of the United States voted him thanks, and the preachers of the Yankee gospel of blood came to him and worshipped him. He had broken into the safes and strong boxes of merchants. The New York Chamber of Commerce gave him a dinner. He had insulted women. Things in female attire lavished harlot smiles upon him. He was a murderer. And a nation of assassins have deified him. He is at this time the representative man of a people lost to all shame, to all humanity, all honor, all virtue, all manhood. Cowards by nature, thieves upon principle, and assassins at heart, it would be marvellous indeed if the people of the North refused to render homage to Benjamin Butler—the beastliest, bloodiest poltroon and pickpocket the world ever saw.

Selections.

THE DISGUISES OF TREASON AT THE NORTH.

[Extract of a Sermon by Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWS.]

THE country should have but one thought—the protection of the National life, and the upholding of the constituted authorities, who alone can legitimately wield the power and resources of the nation, to effect our salvation. . . . The people have been so long accustomed to look after their private rights, their personal liberties, their local interests, and have acquainted themselves so little with the advantages derived from the National government in a time of peace—though it has unconsciously all the while been showering blessings on their regardless heads—that they continue, in a time of civil war—when a desperate enemy is stabbing at the heart of the nation, the Capital, and clutching at the nation's throat, the Mississippi river, and while all the great empires of the world are in ill-concealed sympathy with this domestic foe—discussing questions of sectional and local importance—watching tariffs and bank charters—fighting over petty offices, scowling on necessary measures for incarcerating and arresting traitors, denying a proper legality to the suspension of *habeas corpus*—and threatening to resist any law of conscription, necessary to secure the military force required to make good the place of our retiring levies. At this present hour, the President of the United States could not leave the District of Columbia without being liable to arrest and imprisonment in a common jail, and for what? for shutting up in Fort Lafayette, or Fort Henry, men who, before they went there, were spies of the enemy, and more dangerous each of them than a whole regiment in the field, and who, the moment any clemency visits them, renew their old business, and sow dissension and despair at home, and create hope and courage in Richmond! . . . The people seem to think the President's or the government's strength may be impaired and they continue strong; that their local, State or sectional prosperity, and law and order, here and anywhere, have no vital and necessary connection with the vigor and honor and power of the Federal authority. Alas! what a terrible, and possibly what a fatal mistake! Do you suppose that anybody disloyal to the General government is a friend to his own State? Are you not seeing what that view of local rights, which makes the States jealous enemies of the National government, has brought upon the Southern members of this Union? Have they not all, from being only angry watch-dogs and worriers of the General government, become open traitors to it? And how far from similar traitors are those who stand now, criticising, sneering at and resisting, as far as they dare, every act of the Federal authorities which looks to vigorous defence of National sovereignty—every measure that puts a thinly-disguised secessionist or traitor under arrest, or seeks to disembarrass the hands of the government, full of immense responsibilities and cares, from the carping interference of local authorities!

. . . Why, after twenty months, is no act legalizing the suspension of *habeas corpus* yet passed? I know it is not essential in a legal view, but how necessary for moral effect. Why have the elections everywhere indicated a desire to invigorate State governments and private securities and personal rights at such an untimely hour? Why have thoughtless demagogues or selfish politicians seized this moment, when Federal and National interests should rule supreme, to play upon the people's honest prejudices, by alarming them at the alleged inroads on their local and personal liberties? As if the man that broke down his neighbor's fence to procure a rail to fling to his neighbor's own child struggling in the water, was to be called to account for trespass while the boy was drowning! Yet this is the precise spirit of local and sectional politicians, seeking to make their political fortunes out of the National distress, as many wretched traders are doing out of the National treasury. It is not one party, or another that is doing this, but many in all. Thousands who helped to put the President in office, are among these local and un-national destroyers of the country's life—assailing the government they made, because circumstances have not allowed it to carry out a programme made for peace, and not for civil war.

I repeat—for it is necessary—that I am very well aware of the specious grounds on which those who choose to assail the government, at a time like this, rest their disloyal behavior. They make the very plea the rebels made when they attempted to burn down the national temple—a violated Constitution! They are great sticklers for the letter of the Constitution. They remind one of the enemies of our Savior, who were always flinging in his blessed face the authority of the Mosaic law. He could save no life on the Sabbath day, because the Mosaic Constitution forbade it! He could pluck no corn for his starving disciples, because the Mosaic Constitution made no provision for that! He could protect and shelter no penitent sinner, because the Mosaic Constitution condemned her to be stoned to death! He could break no yoke of moral and spiritual ignorance anywhere because the Mosaic Constitution was thus endangered! In short, the Pharisees and Scribes and learned and acute doctors of the law, blocked the just starting chariot wheels of the gospel at every foot of its progress, with some quotation or warnings out of the Jewish Constitution! And what would the Savior of the world have been able to accomplish, if he had not firmly and boldly taken the ground, "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive!" If the Constitution of this country were what the enemies of the government make it out—the rebels' best argument, the slave's worst enemy; the soldier's greatest hindrance, the citizen's darkest foe—if semi-rebels at home could justly find those chief arguments and protection in it, the sooner it were abandoned the better. But it is no such thing! The friends, the true friends of the Constitution, are those who love its spirit too well to allow a few specks in its body to become the ruin of its soul. They treat it as a parent treats his child, who, to save his life, suffers the surgeon to cut off a gangrenous finger or toe. If the Constitution of the United States were designed or fitted to obstruct the progress of public enlightenment, national ethics, and Christian civilization, it would become the curse of the nation. There is not a national charter in all history that has ever been permitted to do this. And is the Constitution of a free, democratic nation to be more wooden and incapable of enlightened moral interpretation than the law of the British Crown, or of the French or Prussian Empires? It is absurd on the face of it. Because some of our fathers believed in cruel punishments, in the selling of even white apprentices into slavery, in national lotteries, and in other, now universally condemned immoralities, are we tied to their errors and blindness, by reverence for them? Is the letter of the law to override its spirit, and that, too, in dealing with rebels and traitors who are openly seeking to destroy our national existence? I yield to no man in reverence for law and order; nay, in respect even for the law's delays, and all the various checks and balances by which constitutional government is secured. I believe in the immense importance of the proper distribution and segregation of the legislative, judicial, administrative and executive functions of this government. No man can tell me anything I do not now feel of the value of method, order, precedent, rule, in political life! But there are times when all these things must be subordinated to the primal question of self-preservation. Has a nation less than the rights of an individual? May it not, must it not defend its own existence at all hazards? Can any laws, or charter, or constitution mean to rob it of the rights of self-preservation? Is the Constitution really violated when, under such a necessity, the powers of the President are stretched beyond the ordinary reach of his office? I say the Constitution is preserved, as a life is saved, by despising ordinary precautions and rules. The Spanish law forbids a subject from laying hands, on any pretence, on an Infanta of Spain, under penalty of instant death. Did, then, the peasant who rushed into the palace and extinguished the flames that enveloped a royal princess, deserve to die? Did he break the law? Yes, in the letter. No, in the spirit. And would he not have deserved to die a thousand deaths if he had regarded the letter of the law, when his liege lady was in instant peril of her life? It is such fictitious violations of the Constitution as this, that Northern sympathizers with rebellion are now seeking to make grounds of accusation against the true friends of the nation, and the protection of its life—such violations as the incarceration of spies, of correspondents of the rebel government; inciters to revolt in border cities; editors of rebel newspapers under some thin disguise; insolent slave-drivers on the now free soil of the District of Columbia; of men seeking to sow divisions and disloyalty in the army itself; to prevent the raising of fresh levies; to weaken and bring into contempt the lawful power of the country. When it became necessary to reënforce Fort Taylor, a high military authority is said to have declared that unless the act of *habeas corpus* were suspended in the section of the State where the fort now lies, every national soldier could be arrested by the rebels, under civil process, and the power of the National government be put at absolute defiance. But it was by some thought unconstitutional to suspend this act. Then it must be unconstitutional to uphold the Constitution, to oppose secession, or to put down rebellion. Let it be deemed unconstitutional, then, by those who hate Union and liberty; it was none the less necessary—absolutely and unconditionally necessary; and the President, doubtless with some such view, signed the order for it with a full sense of his constitutional responsibility. But he is not yet justified in that act, or in any similar acts, by the opposition. Would God, would America, would the Future, should we justify him, if, higgling on the point, he had sacrificed this national spirit, honor, life and hopes to the weak and empty scruples of others about the letter of the law? He would indeed have been a coward and a traitor to his country, if he had shrunk from that holy duty of setting the law of national self-preservation above every other consideration at that critical moment. Remember that the value of a living ruler is that he is alive, and can accommodate action to circumstances. We might as well have presiding over this nation a Maelzel automaton, or Babbage's Calculator, wound up by the Constitution to strike certain foregone conclusions, as to have a living representative of the people—a man whose heart, conscience and will have their legitimate place in interpreting and applying the written law to the nation's exigencies—if these feeble notions of the absolute preëminence in a civil war of every doubt or silence or uncertainty in a Constitution made for peace, are to prevail over the necessities of immediate and decisive action.

EMANCIPATION IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Monday, Jan. 19, 1863.

THE first of January, 1863, is past, and the President's proclamation, declaring slavery abolished in the United States of America, has been given to the world; it is an accomplished fact; it is history, and what is more, it is an irrevocable decree against human bondage ever again existing under the flag of the Union. It is astonishing to me when I think of the vast consequences to follow to my own country and to the world, that a document so wonderful in its character could be issued without some attending miracle—some strange yet cheering natural phenomenon. So important, indeed, do I deem this proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, that I consider it surpassed in the magnitude of its humanity only by the inspiration of the Sermon on the Mount, and it will, in my opinion, for all time be pointed at as an instrument the most wonderful in consequences and benign in influence that was ever given to the world by human agency. It was proper and right that the first enthusiastic and practical recognition of this proclamation should come from Louisiana. This State, swindled out of its allegiance to the Union against the wishes of its people, sacrificed by one of the most unprincipled sets of politicians that ever disgraced humanity, is the first to spring forward to greet the only remedy that will enable its oppressed people to once more take their place among the honored and prosperous sons of this great government.

Let Saturday, Jan. 17, be long remembered as the day when the people of New Orleans came together and acted officially upon the Emancipation proclamation of the President. Let it be remembered that on the day alluded to, the St. Charles Theatre, the largest building in the city of New Orleans, was crowded with old citizens, with people who had been life-long slaveholders—mostly natives of the *late* slave States—the speakers without an exception having been born south of Mason and Dixon's line, a distinction now politically without meaning. An audience composed of such people, and addressed by such speakers, without a dissenting voice, and with vociferous cheers, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we are prepared to sustain the government of the Union in all measures adopted for the suppression of the rebellion, and that we fully approve the war measure set out in the proclamation of the President of Jan. 1, 1863, as one called for by the exigencies of the contest, consummating at once an act of justice to one class, and inflicting at the same time on another class persisting in rebellion the blow best calculated to reduce them to obedience to the laws.

If anything can take place that will shame the secessionists of the free States into decency and patriotism, this resolution, and the circumstances under which it was heralded to the world, should do it.

It has been suggested at the North that the proclamation is like the Pope's bull against the comet, that it is inoperative, that the advance of our armies southward accomplished actually and legitimately all that the proclamation proposes—but this is not the case. The freedom of slaves by coming within our lines was an accident, that gave but temporary, or, at most, imperfect freedom. No one will deny that if the rebellious States had come into the Union before the 1st of January, the old state of things would have been gradually reëstablished. The slaves nominally free within our lines, abandoned of the protection of our National troops, must have been in the nature of things absorbed in the mass of slaves that had remained on the plantations, independent of, and without interference by the presence of the National troops. By the Emancipation proclamation of the President, slavery is everywhere abolished—the institution is legally extinct—the title is defective, and cannot be made good. To such an extent is this the case, the acknowledgment of the independence of the Confederate States to-day would not restore the negro to slavery, for the still acknowledged supreme law of the land has declared that such an institution does not exist—and Jeff. Davis and his fellow rebels would not, with all their turpitude, dare, in face of the world, having received their nationality without slaves, again enslave any part of their citizens, as such would be the legal and moral effect of the act, if they dared to defend and practice the institution, under the impossible supposition that they obtained an acknowledged independent existence. One thing is certain, and I say it for the shame of the Northern disunionists, for there are really no bitter opponents to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation except in the free States—I repeat, I say it for the shame of Northern disunionists, that I have not in New Orleans heard one objection made to the proclamation—it is accepted here as a thing invited by the rebellion, and will be acquiesced in by the Union men of the South as the only way to get out of present difficulties, and secure peace in the future. More of this anon.

LETTER FROM COL. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON TO GOV. ANDREW.

PORT ROYAL ISLAND, S. C.,
HEADQUARTERS 1ST REGT. S. C. V.,
CAMP SAXTON, Jan. 19, 1863.

Hon. J. A. ANDREW, Governor of Massachusetts—

SIR: To-day's morning report gives an aggregate of 849. It is seven weeks to-day since I took command. The first morning report gave an aggregate of 499. The accession in seven weeks has therefore been just 350—fifty per week, or about seven daily. This I consider a very creditable rate of enlistment, especially when one considers that it is a three years regiment, that no bounty is paid or promised, and that it costs but a trifle to transport the recruits to camp.

It is also to be considered that there is full employment for all able-bodied colored men, so that we receive little aid, and often great opposition, from other employers of labor—as superintendents of plantations, United States Quartermasters, naval officers and officers of other regiments, who wish them for servants. Add to this the misrepresentations often given by white soldiers, who sometimes try to terrify the wives and mothers, and finally the legacy of distrust bequeathed by the Hunter regiment. In view of all this competition and opposition, I consider our rate of enlistment a great triumph, and a second regiment altogether probable.

Seven weeks have certainly given me some opportunity to form a deliberate judgment of the prospects of this enterprise, and I can only say that every day makes them appear brighter and brighter. It will require some great and signal injustice or ill-treatment to defeat it.

So docile and amenable to discipline are these men; so free from camp vices; so peculiarly apt for drill, because of their imitativeness and musical ear; so conscious of their peculiar position, that they must fight or be slaves; so happy when quiet, and of such a fiery energy when roused, that I am more deeply impressed every day with their wonderful availability as soldiers.

Compare for a moment. The 51st regiment was, in my opinion, the very best of the Massachusetts regiments; yet there never was a time during my two month's connection with it when the introduction of liquor into the camp was not a source of constant anxiety—never a time when we had not two, three or a dozen men in the guard house for drunkenness. *There has never been an arrest for drunkenness in this regiment since it was formed,* nor have I been compelled even to recognize liquor as a subject of legislation, or to allude to it or think of it in any way. It can be bought in Beaufort without difficulty, and a portion of my men have recently been paid off. Yet this state of things continues.

Again, in respect to guard duty. Never have I seen such sentinels. In my former regiment, for nearly two months after its formation, the countersign was commonly withheld from the sentinels, so constantly was it revealed if entrusted to them. But in this regiment, among these untaught people, there never has been an instance of the betrayal of the countersign, save in a single case, and that a new recruit, a mere boy, who was visited with the greatest indignation in consequence by his comrades. Such is their pride in the discharge of their guard duty, that it is now recognized among the officers as a matter of absolute danger to go about the lines in disguise, on dark nights, for the sake of testing the sentinels, as officers in camp often do. Such a clicking of musket locks and charging of bayonets I have never seen elsewhere. It is not safe to trifle with them, I assure you.

At first, my greatest drawbacks were in respect to the health of the camp, and in regard to absences without leave, or want of punctuality in returning. Strict discipline has now almost wholly conquered the latter, and improved sanitary regulations have greatly improved the former. These negroes seem to have a sort of childish physical constitutions, easily made sick, and as easily cured. I doubt if they endure the nightly chill of this season better than the whites, perhaps not so well. They are not accustomed to being exposed to the night air. Nor am I sure that they will bear the fatigues of "double quick" as well. This, however, may be only a suspicion. I am fortunate in having an excellent medical department; my head surgeon, Dr. Rogers, of Worcester, being perfectly invaluable. His hold upon the confidence of the soldiers, and power of controlling them, is astonishing. As one said yesterday: "Every man in de regiment *doats his eyes* on de Doctor."

After the privileges I enjoyed as Captain in a Massachusetts regiment, and that regiment the 51st, I certainly ought to have a high standard both of camp discipline and of military drill; and with the aid and advice of so accomplished a soldier as Gen. Saxton, I ought not to accept any code below the highest. In respect to drill, the men are practised daily in the manual of arms, company movements and skirmishing; and we have daily battalion drill likewise. I have now drilled them in all the prescribed battalion movements; marching by the flank, by platoon, by company, by division and in regimental line (in which last they especially excel, I think); in passing from column to line and from line to column, changing front forward and to rear, countermarching, forming square both by Hardee and Casey's method, and, in short, all the regular movements, both by the right of the battalion and by the left. In manœuvering by the rear rank I have not yet had time to practise them, but this I find to be the case with most volunteer regiments, however long in service.

I have once marched my regiment through Beaufort, and afterward drilled it on the parade ground before a large number of spectators, civil and military, and I believe that it was generally admitted to take a fair rank among the regiments in this department.

For myself, I have as yet seen none for which I would exchange it.

I do not write this for print, but for your Excellency's own personal information, because I know that you must be interested in an effort so important. And you will believe me when I say that if I seem to speak strongly, it is only because I am compelled to speak the truth. Were I to quote what has been already said about the regiment, by military men originally opposed to the enterprise, it would only fortify my statements.

The merit is not mine, because I have had such admirable material to work with. As a mere matter of military satisfaction, if I were appointed to a new regiment, or even to a brigade, to-morrow, apart from all humanitary considerations, I would have the soldiers colored men and freed slaves.

It will be a grave error if it is expected to use these troops for garrison duty only. As I have said, they make good sentinels, but their place is with the advance. In their simple, affectionate fidelity, and in the fiery energy that lies behind it, I see for the first time what the Chasseurs d'Afrique must be; and I predict that they will show in action (as indeed they have already shown) a dash and fire in which our army has been confessedly too deficient. And, from their thorough knowledge of the country, its ways and resources, its wood, water, fuel, game, and of the habits of the enemy also, they will be the natural leaders in every bold expedition. To use them for garrison duty only would be like reserving cavalry to defend a fortress, or making a reconnoissance with heavy artillery.

I take pleasure in saying that Capt. J. S. Rogers, who was promoted through your Excellency's aid from the 51st Regiment, proves an admirable officer, as is also Lieut. Dewhurst, of Boston, my Adjutant. Our Chaplain, Rev. J. H. Fowler, of Cambridge, Mass., is also very efficient, and has much power in addressing the soldiers. In view of the prejudices which have too often made the Celt and the Negro appear antagonistic races, I have been gratified to find that three of my best Lieutenants are of Irish birth—Lieut. O'Neal, late of the regular army, and two brothers named West. I have also the aid of Lieut. Stockdale, who has been long in the English army, and is so accomplished a fencer with the sword and bayonet that the officers of other regiments here have applied to me for his services to instruct them in the sword exercise. One of my Captains is a Canadian Frenchman, Capt. Thibadeau. All the other officers are of American birth.

I trust I have not wearied your Excellency with this unsolicited communication; but knowing as I do the fostering care with which you watch over your own regiments, I have felt a natural desire to include mine within the sphere of your knowledge.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. HIGGINSON,
Col. commanding 1st Reg. S. C. V.

P. S. It may not be improper to add, that the original prejudice against this regiment must be gradually wearing away—at least, I have been brought but little in contact with it. I have been treated with uniform courtesy by the officers of other regiments, and it is very rarely that my men complain of any annoyance from white soldiers, when they visit Beaufort, though their path lies beside the camps, both in going and returning. I fancy, therefore, that the enterprise must be more favorably regarded.

THE ARMY AND THE COPPERHEADS.

LETTERS from the South-western camps all concur in representing a universal and intense indignation, among officers and soldiers, against the treacherous movements of the Copperheads in the Illinois and other Western Legislatures. This feeling is said to be completely independent of old party ties. The Democrats are every whit as much incensed as the Republicans. All alike protest that the war is bound to go on, and that they will stand no treachery in the rear.

We tell these perfidious schemers, everywhere—West and East—that there is an element here they had bettter beware of. Hitherto they have left the army out of their calculations entirely. They have blinded themselves to the indications brought out in the few opportunities for military voting, and because the great bulk of the army has been virtually disfranchised, have borrowed no trouble about its loyalty to the government. They have imagined that the whole peace business was in their hands—that the back-stairs chicane with which they had managed political campaigns was going to be equally effective here. They have been confident they could circumvent the people; and as for the soldiers, they were, to them, but puppets anyhow.

Had these men been capable of one minute's calm reflection, they would have escaped this absurdity. These officers and soldiers are not the mere passive hirelings they are taken for. They are American citizens; and not so simply, but they are American citizens of the very first merit and the very highest spirit. While others remained behind in selfish money-getting or ignoble ease, they have gone forward to save the Republic from the ruin which threatened it. They have sacrificed their homes, their peaceful pursuits, their social pleasures; have taken upon themselves hardships and privations and trials in every form; have exposed themselves to disease and mutilation and violent death—all because they loved their country and hated traitors. The sacred glow which they carried with them in the beginning has been renewed, and made still more intense in the fiery baptism of the battle-field. Of such patriots there are eight hundred thousand. What infatuation is it to suppose that this great body of true men are going to throw down their principles and throw away their sacrifices at the beck of a few cabals of recreants and cravens!—*N. Y. Times.*

GIVE THE BLACK MEN A CHANCE!

[Extract from an eloquent speech, by FREDERICK DOUGLASS, delivered at the Cooper Institute, Feb. 6th.]

THE paper proclamation must now be made iron, lead and fire, by the prompt employment of the negro's arm in this contest (great applause). I hold that the proclamation, good as it is, will be worthless—a miserable mockery—unless the nation shall so far conquer its prejudice as to welcome into the army full grown black men to help fight the battles of the republic (renewed applause). I know it is said that the negroes won't fight. But I distrust the accuser. In one breath the Copperheads tell you the slaves won't fight, and in the next they tell you that the only effect of the proclamation is to make the slaves cut their masters' throats (laughter) and stir up insurrections all over the South. The same men tell you that the negroes are lazy and good for nothing, and in the next breath they tell you that they will all come North and take the labor away from the laboring white men here (laughter and cheers). In one breath they tell you that the negro can never learn the military art, and in the next they tell you that there is danger that white men may be outranked by colored men (continued laughter). I may be pardoned if I leave these objections to their own contradictions and absurdities. They are like the Kilkenny cats, and there is a fair probability of the same result (great laughter). But we are asked why have the negroes remained silent spectators of the dreadful struggle now going on? I am not annoyed by this question. The course pursued by them is creditable to their wisdom. The negro has proved that he is meek, like the white man. He will fight, but he must have a resonable prospect of whipping somebody. Up to the first day of last month there was no earthly chance of success in a rising among the slaves. Both the Union and the Confederate armies were in the field against the negro. Madness itself could not counsel the slaves to rise in such circumstances. Their not doing so should be charged, not to their cowardice, but to their good sense. But who are those who are now opposing the measure of putting arms in the hands of colored men? Who are those who are opposed to raising colored troops? They are the men who would gladly disarm every white soldier now fighting for their country, and hand the country over, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Jefferson Davis. You know the men, and ought to know how much weight should be given to the counsels of such men. Would these men rather drown than be saved by a black man? Would they prefer to see their dwellings burnt to ashes than to have the flames extinguished by colored men? If they would not, then are are they traitors in disguise, and very little disguise at that, when they refuse to the country, now in its peril, what they would gladly claim for themselves. They exhibit their unmitigated hollowness by opposing the enrolment of colored troops (cheers). Do you ask me whether black men will freely enlist in the service of the country? I tell you that that depends upon the white men of the country. The government must assure them of protection as soldiers, and give them a fair chance of winning distinction and glory in common with other soldiers (cheers). They must not be made the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the army. When a man leaves home, family and security, to risk his limbs and life in the field of battle, for God's sake let him have all the honor which he may achieve, let his color be what it may. If, by the fortunes of war, he is flung into the hands of the rebels, let him be assured that the loyal government will not desert him, but will hold the Confederate government strictly responsible, as much for a black as for a white soldier (applause). Give us fair play, and open here your recruiting offices, and their doors shall be crowded with black recruits to fight the battles of the country (loud cheers). Do your part, my white fellow-countrymen, and we will do ours.

"Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst his chains at fight,
Would pine beneath them slowly?"

The colored man only waits for honorable admission into the service of the country. They know that who would be free, themselves must strike the blow, and they long for the opportunity to strike that blow. Thus far, however, the colored men of the free States, and for the most part, of the slave States, have had their military ardor chilled by the contempt with which their offer to serve their country has been refused. We asked the Governor of New York if he would accept colored troops, and he said it would be impossible for him to receive them. We asked Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, and he would not receive colored soldiers at any rate. So that our ardor was chilled. But I know colored men now in the army passing for white, not much whiter than I, but by shaving their heads very closely they managed to get in. I know one from my own town who has been promoted recently (laughter and cheers). If I could speak loud enough to be heard by the government at Washington I should say, have a care, have a care, lest you let slip the last moment when your call for help can be answered. You have wronged us long and wronged us greatly, but it is not yet too late to retrieve the past. We still stand ready to serve you, and will do it with a will, at the first sound of your war-trumpet (cheers). I know the colored men of the North; I know the colored men of the South. They are ready to rally under the Stars and Stripes at the first tap of the drum. Give them a chance; stop calling them "niggers," and call them soldiers (applause). Give them a chance to seek the bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth. Stop telling them they can't fight, and tell them they can fight and shall fight, and they will fight, and fight with vengeance. Give them a chance. The most delicate lady in the city of New York can ride by the side of a black man, if he is there as a servant. Even the most fastidious of our Generals can be waited on by colored men. Why should they object to our fighting? We were with you on the banks of the Mobile, good enough to fight with you under Gen. Jackson. Why not let us fight by your side under Gen. Hooker (loud cheering)? We shall have a chance yet, and I tell you to whom I am looking for this. I have great faith, as I told you more than a year ago, in the virtue of the people of the North; I have more in the villany of the South (laughter and applause). I tell you that under their direction we shall yet be able to accept the aid of the colored man. Away with prejudice, away with folly, and in this death struggle for liberty, country, and permanent security, let the black, iron hand of the colored man fall heavily on the head of the slaveholding traitors and rebels, and lay them low. Give them a chance! Give them a chance. I don't say they are great fighters. I don't say they will fight better than other men. All I say is, give them a chance.

SOUTHERN GRATITUDE FOR THE PROCLAMATION.

[The following communication has been forwarded to the President of the United States in response to the proclamation of Jan. 1, and indicates the feeling with which the newly-declared policy of the government is received by the true Union men of North Carolina:]

NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 12, 1863.

To His Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States.*

The subscribers, Presidents of the Free-Labor Associations of Craven, Cartaret, Hyde and Beaufort Counties, N. C., hereby, in behalf of the 1st North Carolina Union Regiment, whose members are attached to our organization, and in behalf also of hundreds of other loyal men, desire to express our profound and earnest gratitude for your noble New-Year's Proclamation of freedom to the hitherto enslaved millions of the South.

We thank you for this act of justice because we believe, primarily, that it is the inborn right of all men to be free.

We thank you because the emancipation of the blacks insures the liberation from a still more intolerable bondage of the white masses of the Southern people.

We thank you because we have now the assurance of admission to an equality of rights, social and political, with our Northern brethren, by the side of whose ancestors our forefathers fought, shoulder to shoulder, with equal valor and expenditure of blood and treasure in the great war of 1776.

We thank you because you have done for the Southern States, by a single Executive rescript, what was laboriously accomplished, through their own efforts, by Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania many years ago.

We thank you because you have assured to us, and to our children, the full fruition of our hopes, in the authoritative promise to North Carolina of Free Speech, Free Schools, Free Labor and Free Men.

With this heartfelt acknowledgment of gratitude to your Excellency, we are grieved that we are constrained to mingle one murmur of complaint. It is, however, out of duty to ourselves and to those we represent, that we are impelled to remonstrate against the retention in this Department as Military Governor of a man who is hostile to the cause of free labor, now, through your proclamation, the explicitly declared policy of the Administration. So far from being a correct exponent of this policy, Gov. Stanlay ever opposes the abolishment of the institution of slavery by voluntary popular action. He denies that slavery is the cause of the rebellion, and he denounces the movement against it initiated by us, citizens of North Carolina and soldiers of the Union, as revolutionary and wrong.

If your Excellency be sincere in so solemnly declaring, as you have, this new national policy of freedom, and we have all confidence in your sincerity; if the proclamation be, indeed, as its terms would indicate, final and irrevocable—and we cannot believe its recantation possible—then we would most respectfully suggest that you so provide as that your official representatives here may be men heartily and thoro

encouraged. If they have learned wisdom of events, they will see the prudence of taking an active part in favor of that act they cannot now hope to prevent.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

SUBSCRIBERS to THE STANDARD in Pennsylvania will please remit their dues without delay to J. M. MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North-Tenth st., Phil. Subscribers living in that city will confer a favor by not waiting as heretofore to be called upon by a collector.

New York State Anti-Slavery Convention.

THE Seventh Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, in ASSOCIATION HALL, on THURSDAY, Feb. 26th, commencing at 10½ o'clock, a.m.

Slavery still continues in several States and parts of States, by the license of the Federal government. In *fact*, if not in *law*, it remains in existence mainly as hitherto in all the rebellious slave States. Therefore is there need of continued, earnest, conscientious anti-slavery effort. We rejoice in the overthrow of slavery in the District of Columbia, in the official proclamation of freedom to the three million of the enslaved, in the elevation of hitherto chattels to the position of soldiers, as in South Carolina, and elsewhere, and in such evidences as exist of an increased anti-slavery sentiment and purpose among the people. But the counsels of "Conservatism," as against Liberty, are still triumphantly prevalent. The champions of this pro-slavery "Conservatism," in this State, were never more active, bitter, and unscrupulous than now, in their exertions to fortify and strengthen slavery and rebellion. The masses need still to be admonished that only the Right is expedient, that in Liberty alone is there safety and prosperity for the nation.

Let there be a large attendance of the friends of freedom from all parts of the State at this annual meeting. We need a public opinion which shall reach the President and his subordinates, and secure the triumph of immediate, universal emancipation, as a life-saving, life-giving measure.

Several distinguished and eloquent speakers, whose names will be announced next week, will be present.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

A. M. POWELL.

THE AGONY AT HAND.

DELAY and Death are often synonymous terms—or, at least, convertible ones. And this in the critical moments of the life of nations as well as of individuals. An hour more or less has made all the difference to many a man between life and death. A month more or less may turn the scales in which the integrity and the dismemberment of our country hang trembling in the balance. Three or four months *must* decide which shall kick the beam. And yet, at a distance from the seat of war, the most astonishing events, such as threaten to make the beam incline the wrong way, are heard of with a coolness of indifference absolutely appalling, while at the centre of our affairs the maxim has seemed to be *festina lente*, and the haste to have been always of the slowest. We will not say that all this deliberation of movement was not, and is not, well-intentioned; but we can safely affirm, in the light of now acknowledged facts, that it has prolonged the war and has brought the nation to the brink of ruin. All these delays have enured to the benefit of the rebels and to our corresponding damage. We are willing to admit that Gen. McClellan really believed that his delays, a year or fifteen months ago, would cause the disintegration and dispersion of the rebel forces, when he allowed forty thousand men, ill-armed and half-fed, to keep him at bay with two hundred and fifty-eight thousand of the best equipped troops in the world. But we know that this delay gave the rebels time to raise and equip an army fully equal to his in quality and incomparably better led. We have no doubt that the Cabinet thought it good policy to leave Charleston and Savannah and Mobile in the hands of the enemy when they could have been reduced with comparatively little loss; but we now know that this consideration has only made them all but impregnable. We will not deny the excellence of everybody's intentions who have had the direction of this war on our side, but we think nobody can affirm that they have produced a harvest of success.

Had the truth reached the Executive mind a twelvemonth earlier, that the black nation at the South might be used for national purposes instead of being reserved for those of the rebellion, the prospect of effectual assistance from that arm of strength would have been much better than it is. These delays, which have been engineered in many cases in the interest of the rebels, have brought the nation to the verge of destruction. We do not believe that Mr. Seward when he prevented an earlier promulgation of the proclamation of Emancipation, and when he sent the French Minister to Richmond, to sound the depths and shallows of rebellion, wished to promote the accomplishment of the rebellion in the achievement of the independence of the Confederacy. Nor do we think that Gen. McClellan had that design in view when he held back his hand and gave the rebellion the time it needed to strengthen and compact itself. But we have no question that both the Prime Minister and the General-in-Chief believed that the rebels could be coaxed and wheedled to come back again, seven times more the children of hell than they were before they went out. They did not call this treason. They, undoubtedly, regarded it as the highest patriotism—the loftiest pitch to which public spirit could soar. But the effect has been just the same as if their deliberate purpose had been to assist the Davis government in its design of independence. We have been no match for that government in the Cabinet any more than in the field. They had the advantage of being in a Revolution, which always brings the ablest men to the head of affairs, while we have gone on in the old jog-trot way which makes it impossible that first-class men should have the management of ours. Jefferson Davis and his ministers must be allowed, we think, to be the ablest public men now on the stage of affairs in the world, and Lee, Johnson and Jackson are certainly not behind the very chiefest of the captains of the age. By our delays and the indulgence we have shown to treason at home, we have given them time and opportunities to guide events to their ends. If there be no change in our way of proceeding, and that suddenly, we can hardly expect to have the star of the next Fourth of July rise on an undivided nation.

That other people are of our way of thinking every one that hath eyes to see cannot miss of seeing. The open sympathizers with the rebels are uplifting their heads in this State, in Pennsylvania and the West with an insolence which shows that they believe, at least, that their time is at hand. The more cunning, but the not less dangerous, traitors who wrap up their treason in professions of super-eminent love of the Union, are laying their snares and contriving their devices for restoring it by making it worse than anarchy itself. And the cotton-spinners, such as the high priests of the McClellan worship at Boston, the last week, and the feeble-minded among the Republicans, such as those there who helped to burn that incense, are busy in their attempts to compel the President to make that General Commander again, in the certainty that he would soon bring the nation to a point at which peace on any terms would be a God-send. And all the secret friends of the rebels join in this agitation in the same faith. that his appointment would ensure the recognition of the Confederacy within six months, and hence their unanimity. And who can affirm, judging of the future by the past, that they will not succeed, and that General McClellan, instead of being struck from the rolls of the army for insubordination and misprision of treason, will not be again put at its head? With Mr. Seward's palsying hand on the Emancipation policy and Gen. McClellan's forcible feebleness in the field, we should soon be in a condition to accept any terms of peace France or England could obtain for us. And, at this awful moment, Congress is considering whether the nation or the banks should have the profits of the paper money which threatens us with bankruptcy! No potential voice is heard in either House uttering the truths and demanding the measures, which alone can save us alive. Less than three weeks remain of the life of the last Republican Congress that may ever assemble. Will it die and make no sign? Will no trumpet-tone, no clarion-note be heard from the Senate? Is all its spirit and energy monopolized by Saulsbury and Powell? Is the despairing wail of Conway the only utterance that the Republicanism of the House can give forth of power to be heard over the land? The nation listens for the voice of its leaders, and none reaches its ear but that of Vallandigham or of Cox.

This state of things at Washington may well appal the anxious looker into the night that is around us. Is it apathy, is it despair, is it fear, that seals eloquent lips, and leaves Seward at the right hand of power, and makes McClellan even a possibility, without remonstrance or rebuke? Upon the events of the next three or four months it depends whether slavery shall stagger to its death under the blow aimed at it by the President, or whether it shall renew its youth like the eagle's and begin a fresh career of wicked prosperity, for a season, in the Union or out of it. On those events hang the fate of this Republic, in its territorial integrity, and as to its capacity to maintain civil liberty within its borders. Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, personal rights and the respect of the world are to be passed upon, as far as this present experiment of ours is concerned, in a very brief space of time. The President has resorted to the last and only sufficient means of our success, in calling on the nation we have been so long helping to oppress, to come to our assistance. That this resort may be effectual, it must be made soon and made by Generals who believe in its rightfulness and efficiency, under the direction at Washington of men whose hearts are in its successful application. With this Congress expires the most powerful support the President has, or will have, during his incumbency. Will it expire without some indignant protest at past sluggishness, or some prophetic word as to the plots which treason is laying for the future? Its time is short, and its responsibility is mighty. Let it work while it is yet day, for the night cometh!

PROGRESS IN "THE CHURCH."

IN referring, last October, to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which had just closed its triennial session in this city, we noticed the following facts, namely:—that this was a meeting, not, as heretofore, of representatives of the Episcopal Church all over the country, but of the Northern branches of it; that this absence of Southern Bishops and delegates arose from no wish or willingness of their Northern "brethren" to be rid of the partnership of slaveholders, but from the rejection of this partnership by the slaveholders themselves, who refused all further connection with the Northern Church, and shook off the dust of their feet against it; that the Northern members, far from welcoming the voluntary retirement of these slaveholders, lamented it, and longed for the good old times of fraternal union; that the Northern Bishop who preached the introductory sermon boasted of the faithfulness of the Episcopal clergy, rejoicing that in their pulpits there were no exciting teachings relative to human rights, and enjoining that "the Church" must continue to be what she has been, the great conservative element in the nation; that, in the course of debate, a clergyman of this city deprecated exasperation of our Southern brethren, and thought that we should not "lug in all the little dirty questions of the day" during the discussion of Church matters; that a layman of this city apologized for the course adopted by the secessionists in the Church at the South, and hoped that the Southern States would not be devastated, and that the four million of slaves would not be set free; and, finally, that neither in the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops, nor in any part of the action of the Convention, was there anything recognizing slavery as the cause of the rebellion, or recognizing it as a sin or an evil, or referring to it in any way whatever.

Since the time of the General Convention above alluded to, there has been an organization of the "Protestant Episcopal Church of the Confederate States," and its first General Council met in November last at Augusta, Ga. The Pastoral Letter issued by the House of Bishops speaks of the new body as "forced by the providence of God to separate," and shows perfect candor and kindness of feeling towards the brethren left behind. It expressly disclaims any dissatisfaction with either the doctrine, discipline or worship of "the Church" in the United States; admitting that the seceders, up to the time of separation, were entirely satisfied with the action of that body. This disclaimer and admission are corroborated by the fact that they have found scarcely any change needful in the Constitution, the Canon Law, and the Book of Common Prayer. All these are, in the judgment of the Southern House of Bishops, already perfectly well suited to the exigencies of a Church established for the maintenance of slavery. The tacit admission of the Pastoral Letter, as well as of the whole movement which gave birth to it, is that, though the Church North has been thoroughly faithful to the policy and the wishes of its slaveholding brethren, "the providence of God" (that is to say, the current of human progress outside of the Church) was proceeding so rapidly to undermine slavery that the conservative influence of the Church itself could no longer maintain it, under the U. S. government. Hence the secession, at once in Church and State, became indispensable to those who were determined to persist in slaveholding.

One great and immediate advantage has redounded to the Episcopal Church, South, from this separation. Its officials have acquired the power of free speech in regard to slavery. Having no longer in their body even a small minority opposed to that institution, they are no longer obliged to watch with jealous care against all allusion to the subject, and to refrain most scrupulously from saying what they themselves wished to say, lest the enemy should give *his* admonitions, ask *his* questions, and draw *his* inferences, upon the same topic. Being all, now, heartily devoted to the maintenance of slavery, they can take sweet counsel together to that end. And the first Pastoral Letter speaks distinctly upon that subject.

The Right Reverend gentlemen who issue this letter make no hesitation about taking for granted the rightfulness and the permanence, of slavery. They sustain it, they vouch for its fitness, they rejoice and triumph in it. Nay, so thoroughly are they delivered from the fear of mingling politics with their religion, that they speak of slavery as the system "upon which we are about to plant our national life." They picture it in favorable contrast with European systems of labor. They are opposed not merely to immediate, but to gradual emancipation.

It occurs, however, to the Southern Bishops, that even this tree, so good in itself, and bringing forth such good fruit, is somewhat in need of pruning. Now that they have only slaveholders to deal with, and not that more sensitive and pugnacious race, Northern men with Southern principles, they speak plainly of a need of reform, both in law and practice, regarding slavery. They think the institution can and should be so arranged as to avoid the violation of those sacred relations which God has created, and which man cannot annul without the infraction of Christian duty. They represent the separation of husbands from wives, and of parents from children, as "unchristian features" of the slave system; and they not only advise the prohibition of these acts, but intimate that measures to that effect are in progress in the Legislatures of some of the Confederate States. How these Reverend gentlemen will answer the natural inquiry of their parishioners—May not a man do what he will with his own?—is not our affair; but we warn them that they have entered upon a dangerous path, and that if they proceed to further innovation upon "patriarchal" customs, they will give strong ground for the suspicion of "infidelity."

Naturally anticipating the inquiry why they did not in previous years protest against the above-mentioned "unchristian features" of the slave system, their Reverences, the Bishops, volunteer the statement that hitherto they have been "hindered by the pressure of Abolitionism," which they proceed to call a "hateful and infidel pestilence." If this be the true reason, it augurs ill for the success of the moderate reform they have commenced; for Abolitionism, which has until lately been confined to the North, is now advancing with rapid strides in the South itself, and is likely to produce a "pressure" there far exceeding all that their Reverences have hitherto known. If the Legislatures and people of the Confederate States do not hasten their works of repentance and reformation, the doing of these works may be taken out of their hands altogether, and they may be deprived perforce of the opportunity of separating slave husbands from wives and parents from children. Nay, seems it not rather, now, that the freedmen of the South, allied with the Union armies, and loyally fighting there against the rebels, will, in the shock of battle, separate many a *white* husband from his wife, many a white father from his children?

Although distinguishing the Southern Episcopalians as slaveholders, we have not been unmindful that a large minority of slaveholders remains in welcome communion with the Episcopal Church North. In this portion of the Church, however, no attempt, no pretence even, has yet been made, to remove the *unchristian features* of the slave system. They continue utterly indifferent to the oppression of Christ's little ones; they continue to utter the lying excuse which their Southern brethren have now thrown off, about the impropriety of mixing political affairs with the business of an ecclesiastical body; they pursue the trade in slaves and the souls of men (as far as a market offers) and alternate with these transactions their hypocritical recognition of themselves as "miserable sinners"; they hold, even conspicuously in advance of the other sects, their position as the great bulwark of slavery, forming a breastwork of conservative respectability behind which the gross and vulgar slaveholders take shelter; and they keep, in all matters of reform, of social, civil, political, moral and religious improvement, as far behind the mass of the community as these are behind the real followers of Christ, the despised reformers.

The "progress in the Church" spoken of in the title to this article, has thus far manifested itself only in the Southern section. It is not particularly creditable to that body, being small in amount, and unsubstantial, and hypocritical. But no appearance, no pretence of *any* reform has yet appeared in the Northern Episcopal Church. Whenever it does appear, we shall hasten to record it.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Written for the Children of the Philadelphia School, St. Helena Island, South Carolina.

OH, none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we;
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free!

Thou friend and helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break,

Look down, oh Savior sweet and mild,
And help us sing and pray;
The hands that blessed the little child
Upon our foreheads lay.

To-day in all our fields of corn
No driver's whip we hear,
The holy day that saw thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile,
Oh never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's isle.

For none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we—
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free!

PERSONAL.

We are indebted to *The Liberator* for advance proof-slips of Wendell Phillips's speech, delivered at the recent anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; but the crowded state of our columns compels us to defer its publication till next week.

The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date 10th inst., says: "It is understood that yesterday the President nominated Brig.-Gen. Phelps of Negro Proclamation fame, to be a Major-General vice ex-Gov. Morgan of New York resigned, antedating his commission, so that he will rank all the Volunteer Major-Generals in the service except Gens. Dix, Butler and Banks."

Frederick Douglass "talked about the Proclamation," at the Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, the 6th inst., and, in spite of rain and mud, was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. He needed only fair weather to fill the hall to a jam. His speech, which was reported in full in *The Tribune* of Saturday, was suited to the hour, and preëminently able and eloquent. We give extracts in other columns.

"The venerable Josiah Quincy," says the Boston *Transcript* of the 3d inst., "attained his *ninety-first* year this day. Two well known merchants of this city, both over four score, who were of his military family when he commanded the Hussars, paid their respects to their former Chief, notwithstanding the extreme cold. The united ages of the three gentlemen exceeds the period that has elapsed since the landing of the Pilgrims."

The Boston *Commonwealth* well says: "The whole country, outside of the impotent clique of his personal enemies, are coming to acknowledge the sterling qualities of Charles Sumner's statesmanship, as the Administration has already done by adopting the policy recommended by him a year and a half ago. Let but this policy be carried out with firmness and energy, and the wisdom of his recommendations will be fully justified." *The National Intelligencer*, always against him, in an article upon his reëlection to the U. S. Senate, says:

"If we are not able to concur with Mr. Sumner in certain of his opinions on questions of domestic politics, it gives us only the greater pleasure to bear our cheerful and candid testimony to the enlightened judgment and peculiar qualifications he brings to the discharge of the important duties devolved on him as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate. In this capacity he has deservedly won the confidence of the whole country. Mr. Sumner's views now predominate in the conduct of the present Administration, which may be said to have adopted, reluctantly, and at a late day, the political and military policy early commended to its favor by himself."

COL. HIGGINSON'S BLACK REGIMENT.—The letter on the first page from Col. T. W. Higginson to Gov. Andrew, wherein that officer gives a very encouraging and satisfactory account of the black regiment under his command, will arrest the attention of every reader. We regret that the exigencies of our space compel us to defer till next week Col. Higginson's later and very interesting official report of a successful expedition into Georgia and Florida, undertaken with a force of 462 officers and men of his regiment. A brief account of the affair, from the correspondence of the N. Y. *Times*, will be found under the head, "The Army and the Negroes," from which it will be seen that the bravery and good conduct of the regiment more than equalled the high anticipations of its commander. The men were repeatedly under fire, were opposed by infantry, cavalry and artillery, fought on board a steamer exposed to heavy musketry from the banks of a narrow river—were tried in all ways, and came off invariably with honor and success. They brought away property to a large amount, capturing also a cannon and a flag, which the Colonel asks leave to keep for the regiment, and which he and they have fairly won. Col. Higginson says: "No officer in this regiment now doubts that the key to the successful prosecution of this war lies in the unlimited employment of black troops."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1863.

CONGRESS has but three weeks more to finish the national legislation of the year. The Republicans, I think, are not unaware of the prospect before them—that the next House will probably be in the hands of the Opposition. They are legislating in some respects against this contingency. In the Senate a stringent Conscription Act is under consideration. Its provisions will need to be searching and rigid, simply because the next House may refuse to agree to such legislation as will by that time become necessary, and for the further reason that two or three of the State Governors cannot be trusted to carry out the old drafting law. Legislation upon the subject is undoubtedly needed, but it does not follow that it would be good policy on the part of the government to enforce a Conscription Act. The time to do such a thing would be after our army has won some sort of a victory. If the grand army which was raised last Fall can win no victory, can make no progress, it will be found almost impossible to raise troops either by volunteering or by the draft. This is the opinion of Thaddeus Stevens, and he expressed it very forcibly in the House the other day. But we *are* going to win victories, and we *shall* make progress during the next three or four months.

I am not a believer in the policy of concealing the truth and of making a pleasant story out of bad news. The government has tried it for two years, and failed in it. Mr. Seward is a great believer in this fashion of doing things. If you are whipped on the battle-field, tell a good and favorable story of it in the newspapers and in your foreign dispatches, and it will be well enough. Predict that the rebellion will fail in ninety days—keep predicting it—and you are a statesman of the Seward school. But it seems to me that the situation is bettering. The outlook this week is more encouraging. As Owen Lovejoy says, after the colored regiments bill passes the Senate, we must be pretty nearly down to the bottom, through all the mire down upon hard pan! We have now a pretty clear idea of the situation we are in as a nation, and the government has thrown its gloves away, and has even got its coat off *for work*. The President is growing more bold. The Secretaries are kicking malcontents out of office. I believe that we are to have better news within the next eight weeks than any we have received of late. Charleston will be attacked within a fortnight—likely enough sooner. Vicksburg is to fall into our hands sooner or later, and Gen. Hooker will beat the enemy as soon as he can have a little good weather. McClellanism is dying out. In short, the situation is every way an improved one. The Democrats in Congress have generally become ashamed of flinging their dirt at New England. There was a little scene in the House on Friday night, between Voorhees of Indiana and Dawes of Massachusetts, which reflects credit on Mr. Dawes. Among other things Mr. Voorhees said—the Canal Enlargement bill being up—

"If New England will do right, she will find us a pleasant neighbor; if she does wrong, she will find us no neighbor at all. We are not to be bound, nor are the ties to be strengthened between us and New England and the Atlantic coast, by taking our money and expending it in grand schemes of internal improvement in which her interests and not ours are consulted. No such scheme as this now before the House is necessary for our prosperity. And let me tell the gentleman that this government cannot be bound together by any such material bonds; by any such adventurous schemes. We can live together by obeying the Constitution and laws of the country, and doing right one to another. The West has no antagonism towards the East. She seeks none; she wants none. And when gentlemen come here and ask us to be bound by taxing our people perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars to cut a ditch in the State of Illinois, and when, in addition to that, they impose upon us a tariff policy and other odious, unconstitutional measures of taxation which are eating out their substance, let me tell them the fire that burns the cord will not sooner sever that to which it is touched, than will the West sever any such bonds as these."

Mr. Dawes replied to this:

"The gentleman from Indiana, who was not willing to be corrected, will allow me to say that I was perfectly astonished that a gentleman of his high distinction would do what nobody else would do—acknowledge himself to be a man so absolutely ignorant of statistics. He said that the channel of the Mississippi river, as given to them by God in its magnificence and glory, was greater than any channels that could be brought forward, and that they were determined to have that channel as it was made; that we could not compete with it. He said that it was the best means for pouring out the grain of the West. The gentleman stated that in the face of the statistics, when the river has been open to within the last two years, which show that forty-nine fiftieths of all the grain of the West that ever touched tide-water has gone eastward rather than down the Mississippi river. With all of its glory, with all of its magnificence, it does not compete with the channel towards the East, when it takes only one-fiftieth of the produce. I wish to suggest to the gentleman from Indiana that we hold our position in this Union upon no condition whatever. We are not to take our faith from anybody. We are not to ask him upon what terms we are to remain in the Union. We do not acknowledge that we are to remain in it by unpuritanizing ourselves. I defy the gentleman to prescribe the terms upon which we are in the Union, whatever may have been the difficulties heretofore."

But the most scathing reply to these defamers and denouncers of New England was made by Mr. Stevens. His remarks upon the course of Cox of Ohio are among the best ever made in Congress. Cox was present when he made them, and he writhed in his seat so long as he was the subject of the remarks. There was also a short passage between Mr. Stevens and Mr. Wadsworth of Kentucky, which was most amusing. Mr. Stevens alluded to Mr. Crittenden as "the *distinguished* gentleman from Kentucky." Wadsworth instantly jumps up with the question, "Does the gentleman allude to me?" Mr. Stevens, with that supercilious and withering air which he knows so well how to assume, replies, "I did *not* allude to the gentleman—I referred to his colleague Mr. Crittenden, who is justly *distinguished* for his abilities!"

The fact is that the Peace Democrats are aware that the charge against them that they are following the instructions of Jeff. Davis in their attacks upon New England *is true*, and they are ashamed to keep them up. With any kind of management by the Administration, the Copperhead period is at an end. It will be only by our own mismanagement that these knaves ever get to be as bold as they have been within the last three months.

The government is fully convinced that some of the brokers and monied men of New York are in league with Jeff. Davis to break down the government. *Some* of the brokers—not all—not even a majority, but a portion. There has been an attempt made to depreciate United States notes beneath the notes of the banks. This insolence is intolerable. It is time that Congress should legislate bank notes out of existence. These institutions have no right to furnish the currency for the nation. Not one of them complies with the State laws which require that notes shall be redeemed in coin upon presentation. Congress should act at once, and it will soon act upon the subject. The monied men of New York as a class have done very well since the war commenced, but there is a portion of them who are doing all they dare to aid the rebellion. They will bear close watching. They have discovered that they can injure the government quickest by breaking down its credit. Let them understand at once, that if they stand in the way of the government they will be ground to powder—and they will get out of its way. It is said that Gen. Butler told the President the other day, that there was more need of him in New York than in New Orleans! If he said so, perhaps he had reason for it, but it seems to me that the Copperhead fever is abating, and that Fernando Wood to-day is not nearly so strong as he was two months since. He has lost ground, and will never regain it. The President was somewhat alarmed by the attitude of the anti-war Democrats a month ago, but he is more satisfied with the position of affairs to-day. The story that troops have been kept in New York city to provide against an outbreak is humbug, but at the same time it is perfectly true that the government would not hesitate to use troops there if there was occasion.

There is a pretty steady opposition in Congress to compensated emancipation in Missouri. The Democrats are the most violent opponents of the bill in the Senate, but they are joined by a very few Republicans, who dislike to vote away so vast an amount as twenty million. They think that ten million is sufficient. However, these are trifles—let almost anything be done to make Missouri a free State, and the tide sets towards freedom so strongly that nothing can arrest the final result of universal emancipation. AVON.

"THE ARMY AND THE NEGROES."—The various facts which we gather under this head from week to week should receive the careful attention of our readers.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Feb. 10th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IF your columns have not contained many letters from this place of late, the fact may be accounted for on this wise: first, THE STANDARD is already well-nigh perfect, and a Boston letter must displace other matter as good; and next, we Bostonians are a peculiar people, piously inclined, and much given to what Falstaff calls "iteration"—citation of texts; and we do not find Scripture very strenuous on the duty of giving to those who give a great deal to us. If these excuses do not suffice you, your heart must be harder than the nether millstone.

To touch first upon a rather old topic, the McClellan fever here ran its course and passed away without serious harm, and indeed with this solid advantage: that many of those people of literary and other distinction who were dragooned into participation in it became thoroughly disgusted with the over-doing of the affair, and with the traitorous sycophants who made out the programme. It is understood that several worthy gentlemen in Boston and Cambridge, who have been accustomed to show a liberal hospitality to strangers of literary or other distinction who visit those places, were beset with vehement solicitations to show some civility to Gen. McClellan in the course of his "private" and "quiet" visit to Boston. They good-naturedly complied, without in the least suspecting that their houses were to be used as respectable pedestals whereon the displaced officer was to be paraded as the idol of the people and the savior of his country. But the *Herald*, *Post* and *Courier* blew the trumpet, and thousands of the sort of people that they influence turned out to welcome the unconquering hero, to pursue him with shouts wherever he went, and to demand speeches in return, making his host for the time an involuntary assistant in the ovation.

Then a subscription-sword was manufactured for him by a jeweller here, and was presented, appropriately enough, by George Lunt of *The Courier*. It was well asked by one of our Boston papers—Why not a spade? The sword will probably have the advantage of descending to the General's posterity unspotted by rust or other *material* tarnish, and will be eminently suitable for ultimate transformation into a pruning hook.

The newspapers mentioned that photographic cards had been made, representing Gen. McClellan in various positions and attitudes. It is to be hoped that some of these, at least, represented him in the historic attitudes of receiving reproof for disobedience of orders, and removal from office for incompetency.

Of course, thousands of men went to get a view, near or distant, of the General, and thousands of women went to see the photographs and the sword. Must there not necessarily be so many of these sorts, in a city containing 180,000 people?

A cauldron of this size must necessarily contain a scum of unworthy leaders and dregs of unworthy followers, quite apart from the solid men who represent the honor and the influence of the city, yet sufficient, when they gather, to make a vast crowd, and when they shout to make a good deal of noise. It was a good hit to say, as *The Commonwealth* did, that though the little General could not take Richmond, he had captured Boston; but if the portion of Boston really taken captive by this excavator could be separated from the rest, and viewed in contrast with it, there would appear another illustration of the old saying that appearances are deceitful.

Let us glance, in contrast, at one of the real representatives of Boston character and influence.

I was favored, last week, with an invitation to attend the Sunday service on board the MASSACHUSETTS, the Reform School ship, which lies a mile or so from the city, near East Boston. These services are under the special care of Judge Russell, who takes a pride, I am told, in keeping the preaching there above the average of that furnished by the Boston pulpits. On this occasion, certainly, his attempt was eminently successful.

On board the MASSACHUSETTS, in course of education for the naval or the merchant service as they may prefer, are 160 boys, apparently between the ages of ten and seventeen. These are boys who, either from petty crime, vagrancy or destitution, have fallen into the hands of the police, and who have no friends able or willing to take proper care of them. Here, under the charge of worthy and accomplished officers, they receive such instruction as is given in the common schools, besides making practical acquaintance with the rudiments of nautical training.

Punctually at half past ten the speakers and other invited guests, including several ladies, entered the ship's barge, which was waiting, manned by the boys (if the expression be allowable) under charge of a cockswain, at the end of Commercial wharf. The day was one of perfect calmness and beauty, and we had a fine view of the harbor, with its boats and shipping, of East Boston before us, and of Hubtown, as Holmes calls it, behind us. On reaching the Massachusetts, we found that a column of smoke beyond that vessel, which had attracted our attention before leaving the wharf, proceeded from the ship Scotland, a quarter of a mile further, which had taken fire during the night, and at which some of our boys had been working, as long as a chance remained of saving her.

The crew were on deck, when we went on board the Massachusetts, looking at the burning vessel. When our curiosity also was satisfied, the boys were piped to the school-room between decks, which serves for chapel on Sundays. Their dress was neat and comfortable, and though many showed the "hard" look naturally arising from their antecedents, they seemed not only under good control but cheerful and happy. Twenty persons or more had come from the city to attend these services. The prayers and lessons of the Episcopal Church were impressively read by Judge Russell, and the boys made the responses as appropriately as any other congregation. They also sang from memory, and not only in excellent time and tune, but with much spirit and feeling, several hymns which were given out to them at suitable intervals. The tunes seemed to me to be those of the Methodist Church, and all who could sing, a very large proportion of the boys, joined in them.

After Judge Russell had made some brief remarks, he introduced to the boys Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Story, who had come out from Boston to speak to them. These gentlemen proved eminently fit for the task, to which so few preachers or laymen are competent, of attracting *and keeping* the attentive interest of their sailor-boy audience. Not a word from either intimated the exceptional position of the hearers they were addressing. The former gentleman illustrated the lessons he wished to teach them by reference to the youth and manhood of Isaac Hopper, whose delightful memoir he brought, and left as a gift to their little library. The latter enforced his exhortation—on the duty and the capacity of every one, small and great, practically to do service to his neighbor—by a skillful allusion to last night's adventure, when they were roused from their sleep to save the crew of the burning vessel.

These addresses, judiciously brief, were edifying to the guests as well as to the juvenile audience. When the service was concluded, the courteous Captain conducted us round the ship, which seemed in excellent order, despite the bustle of the previous night. We saw the nice little library of the ship, the well-kept cooking room, where the black cook had a genuine "contraband" as assistant, the boys' dinner tables, spread with boiled beef and "hard-tack," the carpenter's shop, the lower deck, where the boys' hammocks are compactly rolled up and stowed away by day, ready to be slung, on the word of command, at night, and the empty prison room, which was ready for any one who might prove refractory.

Before returning, we were rowed around the burning ship, whose last mast fell ten minutes after we had left her.

If our war lasts as long as the slowness of its Commander-in-Chief and the unfitness of many of its subordinate Commanders now promises, many of these boys will have a chance to fight for their country. None of them, I am persuaded, will be more happy to do so than the half-dozen colored lads who are among the pupils, and who seem on the best footing, both with their officers and their comrades. NORTH.

PIERPONT'S POEMS.—The friend who sent us a copy of Pierpont's Anti-Slavery Poems, in response to our request published two weeks since, is entitled to our warmest thanks. We will make remuneration in the way she suggests.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, Jan. 17, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is a very long time since I have addressed you—at least, so it seems to me—and I should not have ventured to do so now if I had not yesterday met in *The Daily News* (that ablest and most indefatigable British advocate of the cause of the North, and of anti-slavery principles) with the following extract from the New York *Times*, which you will much oblige me by printing as I have placed it, even though you may have published it before, and I will then proceed to make some remarks upon its contents:

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT OF ENGLAND.

From The New York Times.

Two of our city contemporaries, wide as the poles asunder on almost every other point, agreed lately in expressing their opinion that the anti-slavery party in England had always inveighed against slavery before the war for the express purpose of bringing about a dissolution of the Union; and has taken to defending and palliating slavery since the war began, for the purpose of making a restoration of the Union impossible. This is the opinion of *The Tribune*, and *The World* triumphantly concurs in it. The attitude of England toward the secessionists is, however, a phenomenon of sufficient interest to prevent its being disposed of in this remarkably easy and off-hand way. There is no error into which weak and provincial wits are so apt to fall in endeavoring to solve political mysteries, as that of applying to the conduct of great masses of men the same rule used in calculating the aberrations of a defaulting clerk, or of a dissipated cobbler. And very frequently philosophers, whose range of vision has been very much wider, labor under the same delusion. All England has, for the last year or two, been sitting at the feet of Mr. James Spence, of Liverpool, and receiving from his lips the explanation of every incident of the great civil war in America. The basis of that gentleman's theory of our troubles is the hypocrisy—arrant and unblushing hypocrisy—of the Republican party in their professions of hostility to slavery. He says they not only do not dislike slavery, but have never disliked it, and have used it simply as a party cry, in order to get the gentle and patient South into their power for purposes of spoliation and insult. The worst of all this is, that he has got a large portion of the English public to believe him; and it is evident that some of our political instructors here give us credit for similar stupidity and credulity, when they inform us that the anti-slavery fever in England was simulated in order to cover a fiendish design upon the American Union.

The truth is, that charges of hypocrisy levelled against nations, or any large bodies of men, are always absurd. Men acting together in masses, or even talking together, are not capable of dissimulation. "The million," as they are called, can neither keep a secret nor conceal their real feelings. The laws which regulate the conduct or thoughts of crowds are, it is well known, widely different from those which regulate the thoughts and conduct of individuals. Multitudes are capable of the basest as well as of the noblest things; but the one vice which can never be laid to their charge is hypocrisy. The very electric sympathy, bred by association, which sets their whole nervous system on fire, loosens their tongues like wine. They may be cruel, or fickle, or unreasoning, or ignorant, or credulous, but the one thing of which no nation, or mob, or meeting has ever been guilty since the world began, is saying one thing and meaning another. Whatever they denounce they hate; whatever they clamor for they really want. They may have designing leaders, and may be swayed by orators more foolish and more ignorant than themselves, and they may have plenty of knaves in their ranks, but the main body is always sincere and loyal.

There is hardly a fact within our knowledge so clear and indisputable as that all that has ever been said in England in denunciation of slavery was uttered in perfect sincerity. To anyone who knows anything whatever of the class of people who composed the anti-slavery associations in that country, held anti-slavery meetings, and got up anti-slavery bazaars, and subscribed for the relief of fugitive Uncle Toms, in our day, to say nothing whatever of the earlier generations who fought the great battle against slavery in the West Indies, the charge of cloaking political schemes under the mask of philanthropy is simply ludicrous. To accuse the kind-hearted women, and pious dissenters, low church clergymen, and literary men, and enthusiastic democrats, who composed it, of designs upon the Union, is about as sensible as to accuse them of filibustering.

And what makes the theory all the more absurd is that it is not necessary in order to account for everything we have witnessed. The men who are most clamorous in their demands for mediation or intervention, and who have been most violent in their vituperation of the North, not only are not, but never have been anti-slavery men. Our most bitter enemies have never opened their lips against "the institution," and are the political successors of those who fought the battle of the slaveholder and slavery against Clarkson and Wilberforce and Romilly, in both houses of Parliament. The tories who are now revelling most heartily in the spectacle of our misfortunes and shortcomings, were not either amongst the admirers of Mr. Stowe, nor the patrons of Frederick Douglass, nor members of the Anti-Slavery Association. That, however, the anti-slavery sentiment has declined in strength of late years among all classes in England, we have little doubt. Devotion to a principle always waxes faint when the pressure of opposition is removed; and slavery has now for thirty years presented itself to the British mind, simply as a distant evil, which they could do nothing either to mitigate or destroy. But the hostility to it has still retained sufficient force, even amongst those who have least sympathy with the North, to render all efforts at interference abortive. No support, as "Historicus" remarks, in the able letter which we extracted into a recent issue, could be obtained from any considerable portion of the public for any measure tending ever so remotely to give slavery a fresh lease of life.

And it must not be forgotten that even if the anti-slavery party in England have forsaken us, or revile us, we cannot be very indignant with them as long as we have a larger party at the North, with its orators and newspapers who abhor the war, and do everything in their power to put an end to it, for the express reason that it is likely to damage slavery; who glory in our defeat, magnify our reverses, and vilify our government because every battle, every march extends the area of free soil; who hug with tenderness what the rest of Christendom considers our shame and reproach, and who use the very name of "Abolitionist" as a synonym for folly and wickedness.

I have not for a long time seen anything in any American paper in reference to England which gave me greater satisfaction than this article. It is marked by sound sense, and an intelligent appreh

The World. In reference to Mrs. Stowe's Reply to the Address of the Women of Great Britain and Ireland, forwarded to you some years ago, the writer says: "I really do not believe that the anti-slavery feeling in Great Britain is less than it has been of late years, although less than Mrs. Stowe might have judged it to be when the popular excitement manifested itself so overwhelmingly after 'Uncle Tom' had appeared. The pro-slavery spirit she complains of always existed, and it was greatly fostered by contact with American pro-slavery ministers, by the commercial taint which came with the cotton, and by the political agencies that have been so earnestly at work from the South to poison our newspaper press, and spread false ideas about the South, the motives of the war, etc. We anti-slavery ladies are as earnestly anti-slavery as ever. The cause of the slave was uppermost with us, and that very thing kept us from extending full sympathy towards the North in a war which for a long time had no intentional anti-slavery in it. Whenever we were beginning to rejoice in any progressive movement some bit of dampening intelligence was sure to come. One mail announced the liberating proclamation of Fremont—another that of Hunter—and then followed others to tell us that they had been vetoed by the President. The news of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was promptly followed by tidings of poor slave women and their children being hunted back to slavery from the steps of the Capitol. The value of the President's own proclamation was rendered dubious by his replies to the colored people who had an interview with him, and by his assertion that if he could save the Union and save slavery at the same time, he would do so. And then we were really held back by the intelligence from the free States from being as hearty on the Northern side as we would have otherwise been; and this I believe was the case with many others, on genuine anti-slavery grounds. Of course some were rendered lukewarm by the blustering threats of the North, by the Trent affair, the language used towards Harriet Martineau and the like, which roused an intensely British feeling; but I don't think this was the case with the true Abolitionists."

You are probably by this time aware that the London *Times* took an opportunity within the last fortnight to give its express sanction to slavery on Scriptural grounds, quoting St. Paul's epistle to Philemon, the example of Onesimus, etc. This unlucky escapade was taken immediate advantage of by *The Daily News*, the Leeds *Mercury*, *The Star*, *The Dial*, and other anti-slavery papers, and the result has been that the thunderer has been obliged to go down on his knees, and to declare that "To slavery we have ever entertained the most rooted aversion. Not all the valor, not all the success of the South has ever blinded us to this black spot on their escutcheon." "This profession," *The Daily News* remarks, "loses much of its value when we recollect that the hostility of *The Times* to slavery has not prevented it from the repeated expression of sentiments respecting it which have met with full acceptance in Mississippi and Alabama."

Your civil war and the cotton famine have caused an immensity of suffering throughout the British Islands—so closely are your country and ours welded together by common interest and mutual dependence. Yet the very people who have been greater sufferers than any other portion of our population are those who have maintained the most persevering protest against any countenance being afforded to the slaveholders. I allude to the Lancashire operatives. But, indeed, whatever the errors of public opinion or of the common talk of the streets and in some of the newspapers, and a few statesmen, I am unshaken in the opinion that the sympathies of England and Scotland, at least, are so far anti-slavery that the South has nothing to hope from our assistance. Indeed the slaveholders are now beginning to show their teeth against us as of old. They have thrown off the mask completely, and I argue that this is a good omen for the North and for mankind. Yours, etc.,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

You will be glad to hear that the second English edition of Professor Cairnes's book on The Slave Power will shortly appear, with additional notes and appendices which will add to its reputation as by far the ablest anti-slavery text book that has yet been published on this side of the Atlantic. The London Emancipation Society is doing good service, and George Thompson and his son in law, F. W. Chesson, are indefatigable in their efforts to enlighten English opinion.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS.

THE Private Class in the "New or Parlor Gymnastics," under the instruction of Mrs. Z. R. PLUMB, a graduate of the Boston "Normal School for Physical Culture," at the close of their first term of twenty lessons, at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, Feb. 9th, 1863, was organized, on motion of Mrs. MARY A. W. JOHNSON, by the appointment of ROBERT HAYDOCK, Esq., as President, and Mrs. JENNIE K. SMITH as Secretary.

The following resolutions were thereupon offered by Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, and unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That having received a course of instruction in the "New Gymnastics," as originally taught by Dr. DIO LEWIS of Boston, we are constrained, in the light of our experience, to recommend the system to others, as combining in an eminent degree the advantages of physical exercise with the pleasures of social intercourse and intellectual recreation. Speaking more specifically, the peculiar merits of the system are in substance the following: That while its exercises are so diversified as to bring into vigorous play all the muscles of the body, one after the other, and to give a ready, dexterous and graceful command of the limbs, they are so gentle that they expose no one to danger from over-exertion; that it is adapted alike to the wants of men, women and children, bringing them together in delightful social intercourse, and supplying amusement for children and youth under conditions which are the best safeguard against everything injurious to health or morals; and finally, that the apparatus it requires, being very simple and inexpensive, is adapted for use not only in the gymnasium, but in the school, the family and the social circle.

2. Resolved, That our experience induces the conviction that, in a sanitary point of view, the general introduction of the system in schools, families and neighborhoods, would be attended with incalculable benefits. While we would not, in our enthusiasm, recommend it as a panacea for all human ills, we are firmly persuaded that its tendency is to prevent, if not to cure, many of the diseases that prevail around us.

3. Resolved, That our thanks are due to Mrs. Plumb for the assiduity, patience and skill which she has exhibited as our teacher; and that we regard it as peculiarly fortunate that the introduction of the new system to the people of New York has devolved upon one so entirely competent for the work.

Voted, That a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be presented to Mrs. Plumb, with the assurance of our hearty esteem, and our desire for her future success as a teacher.

ROBERT HAYDOCK, *Chairman.*
JENNIE K. SMITH, *President.*

BLACK MEN READY TO FIGHT.—A correspondent in Pennsylvania thus writes us:

"The probable passage of the Negro Enlistment bill is producing quite a stir, in a quiet way, among the colored people in and around Philadelphia. No doubt is entertained here that if the bill should become a law a large number of colored people, including the most respectable of the class, will be found ready to enroll themselves as soldiers in support of the country.

"Robert Purvis, of Byberry, has signified to his friends his readiness, if desired from the proper source, to do what he can in getting up a regiment to be placed at the disposal and used for the benefit of the government.

"Mr. Purvis is a proper man for such a duty. He has intellectual ability, personal culture, pecuniary means, and enjoys alike the respect and confidence of the white and colored classes. His high standing among the latter would afford him peculiar facilities in the performance of a task of this kind."

THE WESTERN ARMY INDIGNANT.—The Cairo correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* states that an intelligent gentleman who has conversed with the different Major-Generals and Brigadier-Generals in Gen. Grant's army, with the understanding that he wanted an expression on the subject of the disloyal action of the Legislatures in Illinois and Indiana, reports that they deprecated and denounced the Copperheads to a man, and compared them rather unfavorably with Jeff. Davis and his crew. Gen. John A. Logan, known throughout the North-west as a Democrat, remarked: "Tell them up North, for me, that we *can* whip the rebels. We are going to *do it*, and when we are done we are to return home. When we get there we shall yet be strong enough to summarily punish any secession sympathizers or peace preachers that we may be able to find in our way." Gen. Loomis was equally strong in his language. Another General said: "If we had Dick Merrick, Allen, Robinson, Goudy and Story of the secession *Times*, here, their lives, were they known, would not be worth a penny. The incensed soldiery, men of their own school of politics, would shoot them like curs—on sight." The correspondent adds: "Our Illinois, and all Western soldiers, are unanimous in denouncing every man who raises his voice for peace, peace conventions or armistices. They are only anxious to be allowed the privilege of going forward and putting down rebellion at the point of the bayonet. They do not fear the result."

BEECHER ON NEW ENGLAND.—One needs not to have been born in New England to enjoy Mr. Beecher's lecture, which occupies the largest portion of the fourth page. It is a very happy delineation of the Yankee character, and a very suitable reply to the demagogues who, in the hope of thereby helping the cause of slavery and rebellion, are seeking to inflame the prejudices existing in other parts of the country against New England. We cannot help saying, however, that in our judgment Mr. Beecher gives the people, and more particularly the clergy, of New England too much credit for love of liberty.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE IN LIVERPOOL.—We have by the last arrival from Europe an account of a very important conference lately held in Liverpool, "to consider what steps should be taken to bring the policy of the American government on this question fairly before the public mind, with a view of promoting inquiry and eliciting opinion as to the duty of England in relation thereto." The Chairman was Mr. JAMES CROPPER, whose name represents one of the "great families" of the old anti-slavery propaganda. The following resolution, moved by the Rev. C. M. Birrell, and supported by him and others, was adopted by a large majority in spite of the opposition of Mr. James Spence, the secessionist champion:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the war now raging in the United States of America originated in the institution of slavery, and in the antagonism which that system inevitably presents to the institutions of freedom; that in the great national crisis now created by the announcement of its Emancipation policy the Federal government is entitled to the generous sympathy of free Englishmen, and to the moral support which such sympathy always affords; that to ensure this from the inhabitants of Liverpool, it is now deemed advisable, by means of lectures and public discussions, to fully instruct the public mind on the true conditions of the American question, preliminary to a general aggregate meeting for the adoption of an address to President Lincoln.

This shows how the Proclamation of Freedom is working in England. It has kindled the smouldering anti-slavery fires to a bright flame, and ere long there will be a moral conflagration to consume everything that opposes itself to the Northern cause.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MRS. GAGE.

WE have received, since last acknowledgment, the following contributions in response to the appeal of Mrs. Frances D. Gage for clothing for the Freedmen under her care at Paris Island, S. C.

Bundle of clothing from Mrs. Samuel May, Jr., Leicester, Mass.

A carpet-bag filled with clothing from Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Williamsburg.

A box of clothing from the ladies of Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

A small package from Penn's Manor, N. J.

Cash, "to be appropriated in the manner you [Mr. Johnson] think best,"	$5 00
Cash, J. S. and M. W. Mann, Coudersport, Pa.,	3 00
Cash, Friends in Glastenbury, Ct.,	3 00
Cash, Isaac Ivins, Penn's Manor, N. J.,	1 00
Cash, Amos Bailey, Marcellon, Wisconsin,	5 00
Cash, Nancy L. Howes, Barnstable, Mass.,	5 00
Cash, L. C. C., Glen, Pa. (for thread),	3 00

We are able, with the money furnished us, to buy materials at wholesale prices, and to get those materials made into garments without cost.

Packages (the sender paying express charges) may be directed to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Rooms, 48 Beekman street, New York.

Proceedings of Congress.

In the Senate, on the 4th and 5th inst., Mr. Wilson's bill for the encouragement of reënlistments, and for enrolling and drafting the militia, was discussed, and finally recommitted to the Military Committee. A new bill was reported on Monday, which provides:

First: All able-bodied male citizens between eighteen and forty-five are liable to perform military duty on the President's call. The only exempts are, first, the physically, mentally or morally unfit; second, those necessary for the support of aged or infirm parents, orphans or children; third, the Vice-President, Judges of United States Courts, heads of departments; fourth, only sons of aged or infirm parents. Where there are two or more such sons the father, or, if he be dead, the mother, may elect which shall be exempt. Fifth: Only brothers of fatherless and motherless children not twelve years old; the father of motherless children under twelve years, dependent on his living. Sixth: Where two of a family are in service, the residue not exceeding two are exempt. Seventh: Fathers of two or more children under fourteen, residing on farms not over fifty acres, exempt. Eighth: No persons convicted of felony shall be permitted to serve.

National forces not now in service are divided into two classes. The first comprise all between eighteen and thirty years, and all unmarried between thirty and forty-five. The second comprise all other persons.

The United States are divided into districts for enrolling and organizing forces and arresting deserters and spies. Provost-Marshals are appointed for each district, with stringent authority. The provisions for the arresting of deserters, particularly, are most ample.

Each of the two classes enrolled for service shall be subject to two years from July after enrollment, to be called out and to continue in service for three years or during the war.

Provision is made for the acceptance of substitutes. Men now in service who shall reënlist for one year shall receive a bounty of $50. Those who may reënlist for two years shall have $100, $25 being paid down.

Regiments reduced to below one-half their number from the State are to be consolidated. Officers who are absent from duty without leave are to be reduced to the ranks, to serve for three years. Officers absent from duty with leave, unless sick or wounded, shall receive half pay and allowances.

On Monday, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill for the enrollment of freed and free men of color, intended, it is said, as a substitute for the bill lately passed by the House. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:

Section 1 provides that every able-bodied person between 18 and 45 years of age, made free by act of Congress, or proclamation of the President, or by any other legal or competent authority exercised in suppressing the rebellion, shall be forthwith enrolled as a military force of the United States, by the commanding officer within whose Department they shall be found, and shall be organized, armed, equipped and mustered into service, to serve during the present war, to a number not exceeding 300,000 men.

Section 2 provides that such military force be organized according to the regulations of the branch of service in which they may be designated to serve, and receive the same rations and equipments as volunteers, and a monthly pay of seven dollars, half at the end of each month, and half at the end of service; be officered by persons commissioned by the President, and governed by the rules and articles of War, and such other regulations as may be prescribed by law; each private to be entitled, upon his discharge, to ten acres of land, and each commissioned officer to twenty-five acres of confiscated land, to be occupied as a homestead by the person entitled to receive the same, and his family.

Section 3 authorizes the President to order the voluntary enlistment or enrollment of every able-bodied free male person of African descent between 18 and 45, for military service, to be paid like white volunteers, the whole number enrolled under the act not to be more than 300,000.

On the same day, on motion of Mr. Grimes (Rep., Iowa), the Senate adopted a resolution requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to disclose the character of the suggestions made by the Secretary of State to M. Mercier, the French minister, which induced M. Mercier to undertake a mission to Richmond; and what representations M. Mercier was authorized by the Secretary of State to make to the rebel authorities. Without referring to the fuller statements of the conversations between Mr. Seward and M. Mercier concerning the mission to Richmond, which are said to be in existence, the basis for the resolution of inquiry is probably found in the following portion of a dispatch from M. Mercier to M. Thouvenel:

"Mr. Seward said to me that I might add, if I found an opportune occasion, that in his opinion the North was animated by no sentiment of vengeance, and that for himself he should with pleasure find himself again in the Senate in the presence of all those whom the South thought it fit to send thither."

On Saturday there was an exciting discussion in the Senate upon the bill to aid emancipation in Missouri. The "Copperheads" came out fiercely in opposition, and the session was protracted till midnight. The friends of the bill were unable to bring it to a vote.

In the House on the 4th, Mr. Dawes (Rep., Mass.), from the Committee on Elections, reported adversely on the credentials of J. B. McLoud, claiming a seat from the Second District of Virginia; and also on the application of his contestant, W. W. Wing. On Monday the Ship Canal bill was defeated by 10 majority.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

WE regret that we cannot make room this week for the latest news of the state of things in New Orleans. Gen. Banks's milk-and-water policy is producing just the results that might have been expected. The secessionists grow bolder, and the really loyal portion of the people are dissatisfied and vexed. Pro-slavery officials are carrying on a systematic persecution of the colored people in the parts of Lousiana which the President "excepted" in his proclamation, and Gen. Banks either has not the courage or the disposition to put a stop to their proceedings. More next week.

Letters from New Orleans state that Gen. Banks is sadly discouraged at the state of affairs in his department. He has too many troops to keep idle and too few to attack Port Hudson. When the expedition was organized the Medical Department had no information regarding its destination, but took it for granted that it was going to James River, whither all the ambulances and medical stores were sent. It is impossible to move without these, since it is impossible to make provisions for the wounded in case of an engagement.

A Nashville dispatch informs us that our forces entered Lebanon, Tenn., on the 8th inst., and captured some 600 persons, principally belonging to the guerilla Morgan's command. A number of field officers are said to have been taken.

Reinforcements for Rosecranz are constantly going up the Cumberland River, and it is now intimated that he has accumulated a sufficient quantity of stores at Nashville to make a forward movement possible.

The repulse of the rebels at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, was most signal, as Gen. Rosecranz's official dispatch has stated. The Louisville *Journal* learns from Nashville that, in all probability the notorious Col. Frank McNairy, of blood-hound infamy, was killed in the engagement.

It is reported that the pirate Alabama arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 20th of January, and landed the crew of the United States steamer Hatteras; and she was so badly damaged by the shot of the Hatteras that immediate repairs were required at Kingston.

We have accounts this morning of the sailing of Gen. Foster's expedition from Beaufort, N. C., and its safe arrival at Port Royal, S. C. The first vessels of the fleet reached the latter place on the morning of the 31st ult., and the rest of the steamers followed in the course of the day. The sailing vessels had also mostly arrived at the date of our latest advices—the 3d inst. Gen. Foster was in conference with Gen. Hunter, and measures were being rapidly perfected to carry out the object of the expedition—which everybody now knows is the capture of Charleston.

An official dispatch from Gen. Rosecranz to Gen. Halleck gives us the facts regarding the recent affair at Fort Donelson. The rebels numbered 4,000, with eight pieces of artillery. Our force numbered but 800 men. The enemy charged the fortifications several times, but were repulsed by our artillery and infantry, with heavy loss.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

NEGROES ON GUARD.—The Newbern (N. C.) correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date Jan. 22, says: "Capt. Saunders of the North Carolina Union Company, stationed at Elizabeth City, Pasquotank County, N. C., has been the first and foremost man in this Department to act under the President's proclamation of the 1st inst., authorizing the reception of blacks into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts and positions. He has placed muskets in the hands of about three hundred contrabands of Elizabeth City, and put them upon guard duty about the suburbs of that town. The secessionists and their sympathizers are, of course, greatly exasperated and disgusted thereat, and a delegation thence waited upon his Excellency, Military Governor Edward Stanley, in relation to the matter yesterday. The Governor expressed great indignation at Capt. Saunders's action, and promised prompt redress of the grievance. The gentlemen who made the complaint were counselled, however, by others to whom they applied for sympathy and consolation, to enlist themselves with their neighbors to do garrison duty, if they objected to this necessary service being done by negroes. It is said that Capt. Saunders is well satisfied with the service of his black guards (not blackguards) and does not think the status quo would be bettered by the change proposed. The darky, however sleepy-headed in the daytime, is generally pretty wide awake at night; and as he sees more distinctly and hears quicker in the dark, as everybody knows who is familiar with him, than the white, he makes a most excellent, if not superior, sentry. Again, there is no discount on black Unionism."

CAPTURE OF SLAVE-HUNTING BLOODHOUNDS.—A cavalry expedition, under command of Col. S. H. Mix, lately scoured several Counties in Eastern North Carolina, for the purpose of dispersing several desperate bands of guerillas. The expedition was very successful; the rebel bands were put to rout, and a large portion of their supplies were captured. The account says: "In tome places trees had been felled for the distance of a mile over roads which were skirted by thick pine forests and swamps on both sides. *A strong force of contraband pioneers, armed with sharp axes, accompanied the expedition, and under cover of the carbines of the cavalry, who were deployed, dismounted in advance as skirmishers through the woods, the heavy timber was hewed away and the road prepared for the advance.*"

"The cavalrymen bring in with them the entire pack of slave-hunting bloodhounds, owned by the notorious slave-hunter McDaniel, who resides near Trenton. The pack consists of over a dozen dogs. The trail dog, considered very valuable by his owner, is among the captured."

INFORMATION FROM BLACKS.—The Washington correspondent of that traitorous sheet, *The World*, confesses the value of the services rendered by loyal negroes. He says: "Gen. Butterfield is organizing the topographical and secret service system of the Army of the Potomac on a more efficient basis than ever before. It was found upon investigation that there were among the contrabands at Washington men who knew every inch of ground between here and Richmond, and they are now being used to give information for maps, engineering parties, and reconnoissances." A letter from an officer on board one of our gunboats which is blockading the mouth of the Rappahannock, gives the particulars of two expeditions which in one day succeeded in capturing several small craft loaded with goods, and which had been run into some of the creeks in the neighborhood. Information concerning these craft was obtained from the negroes, who piloted the boats which made the seizures. The writer says: "The extent and accuracy of the knowledge of everything going on possessed by these people is something extraordinary, and is equalled only by their eagerness to impart it to us. Nothing escapes them. They'll tell you to-day what happened yesterday thirty miles off; they can tell you the character, business and movements of every man, woman or child in the country about, and they'll risk even their lives to tell us anything they think we wish to know, but still the only credit they get from the vast majority of United States officers is to be called a 'damned nigger,' and cursed for being the cause of the war; and, although a white Union man is hardly to be found, and though the white people generally treat us with coldness, and often with contempt and insults, the 'nigger,' our only friend here, is often treated worse by us than by his own master."

THE BLACK GUARDS AT FORT MACOMBE, LA.—The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writing from Fort Macombe, gives an account of the black soldiers by whom the place is now protected. He accompanied them on the passage from Algiers (opposite New Orleans) to the Fort, and tells us what he saw:

It was at daybreak (Jan. 23) that I crossed by the ferry to Algiers with Col. Stafford, and found his two remaining black companies—A and D—bivouacked in the Belleville Iron Works, with about 800 others. As the Colonel made his appearance, a loud cheer went up from the men, which resounded through the immense building. When the command to fall in was given, it was instantly obeyed, and then they were ordered to seize their stores and march to the station. Such a tumbling of boxes, barrels, tents, and every kind of material, I never saw before. In *four minutes* from the time the first order was given, these 200 men from all parts of the huge edifice had fallen into rank, been dispersed, had each seized his great burden, and was clean out of the building.

"You see my men can *work*, sir, though people say they can't fight," said the Colonel, triumphantly. "We don't trouble our heads much about waiting for transportation. Put me down in a forest with those same fellows, and I'll build you a city, for I have every useful trade represented among them."

At this moment a Captain came up to the Colonel, saluted him very respectfully, and, after receiving his order, went off.

"I understood you, Colonel," said I, "that all your line officers were colored men; there goes one, at any rate, who is white." The Colonel turned to me with a sarcastic smile: "And do you really think him white? Well, you may, sir, but that man is a 'negro,' for he carries the so-called curse of African blood in his veins."

I was literally amazed. Often as my senses had been deceived in this matter, they never had been so completely before. This officer, Capt. E. Davis, of Company A, was a fine looking young man (not unlike Gen. McClellan in mold of features), with light blue eyes, ruddy complexion, soft silky hair, and a splendid mustache of a sandy color, nearly approaching red. I would have defied the most consummate expert in nigerology, by the aid of the most powerful microscope, to discover the one drop of African blood in that man's veins; still, there it was upon the record against him.

At 9½ a.m. we left the Pontchartrain Station by railway, and the scene here was really affecting. Women were there, of all colors, taking leave of their husbands and brothers—and some of the feebler sex with an amount of fairness and refined physical beauty that many a white woman might covet. The same emotion at parting, the same hugging, and weeping, and kissing of little ones was observable that would have been met among the same number of Anglo-Saxon warriors parting with their loved ones; at least I thought so.

During the voyage, and after our arrival at the fort, I not only had the best opportunity for observing the general demeanor of these soldiers, but I made a point of conversing with several of the line officers, in order to come at some just conclusion as to their mental calibre, manners, etc. Truth and honesty compel me to state that, as far as the privates were concerned, a more decent, orderly, obedient and soldierly set of men I never saw; while, as regards the officers, had I come in contact with the same number of white men, taken at random, I could not have expected to find more general intelligence, education and refinement.

All of them conversed fluently in two languages—French and English—were well posted up in history and general literature, and during the long range of subjects—civil, literary, political or moral—which I brought expressly on the *tapis*, I found on one or two occasions that I was conversing with men of no ordinary knowledge and mental capacity. Their Colonel, indeed, told me that he has often banteringly challenged his sceptical white brother officers to select the thirty line officers of *any* white regiment in the United States service, and if the twenty-six colored line officers of his regiment could not favorably compare with them, in point of general intelligence, education, military efficiency, cleanliness of dress and person, and gentlemanly deportment, he was willing to resign his commission. The boast may seem extraordinary to many; but if those of his line officers whom I have not seen can at all compare with those whom I have, the assertion is by no means an idle one.

It appears that over nine tenths of this regiment are absolutely freemen. They embraced men of all trades and conditions of life; many of them having left homes not only of comfort but luxury, and representing even wealth; for it is well known that at least one-sixth of the whole property of the parish of Orleans is owned by free men of color. In spite of this, the prejudice under which this regiment has to labor is something quite formidable. They have now been five months in actual service, receiving no pay whatever, only a portion of some of their families being grudgingly and scantily supplied with rations. This seems unfair. They are either soldiers of the United States or they are not. If so, they are entitled to the treatment of soldiers; if not, they should be dismissed the service.

Into the policy or impolicy of such an organization it is neither my province or my purpose to enter, but, as a faithful chronicler of passing events, I am bound to tell you that this latent and available power is no myth to be sneered away by the sceptical or argued away by the interested. An army of 250,000 of just such stalwart and determined men stand ready, at a moment's notice, to enter upon honorable warfare against any foe, foreign or domestic, who may aim at the destruction of the United States. For what they have done, they point to the deeds of their fathers under Jackson at Chalmette; for what they can now do their only answer is: "If you doubt us, why not give us the chances of proof which we have so long and vainly been imploring?"

CONTRABANDS AT FORT MACOMBE.—In this fort there are one hundred and eleven contrabands; fifty-one men, and the remainder women and children. Determined to make these people useful members of society, and not mere idle squatters and vagabonds, the Colonel finds employment for them all—the men in cutting wood, the women in domestic duties, and the children at school. Each man cuts his cord of wood per day, and is paid $10 per month, with rations. The Colonel has had good quarters erected for them, which he took me over to see. He says he finds them as industrious, faithful, honest and orderly as the same number of white people could possibly be—and certainly at night, after taps, not a solitary sound could I hear to break the deep stillness in which the whole fort was sleeping.

I was much amused and interested in accompanying the Colonel to see his school-room, upon which he seems to pride himself intensely. In a large and airy loft I found some twenty or thirty little sable things, of both sexes, ranging from 4 to 12 or 14 years of age, under the tuition of a white soldier, and poring intently over their books. One little girl, as black as coal, and about six years old, who had only been studying three weeks, was called up to read and spell to me. I can only say that I have seen white parents pet their children of that age for performing the same task not half so well as that poor little outcast did to me. Another girl, younger than the last, but no fairer, was pointed out as having a great turn for figures. I told her to count, and the young urchin, opening her large eyes at me, began at *one*, and ran on to *one hundred*, without a single pause or stumble. As I left the scene with the good Colonel, I found he had given me abundant food for reflection.—*Cor. Times.*

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—The correspondent of *The Christian Inquirer*, writing from Newbern, says: In the midst of all the enjoyment in camp it was singular to observe an unusual soberness and sadness on the part of the blacks. On inquiry of some of the more intelligent of them, I found that this seriousness arose from their fear of being branded on New Year's Day, and of then being shipped to Cuba for sale. Strangely as this may sound to Northern ears, yet it is the simple truth that the secessionists here (of whom there are very many, even among the professed Unionists) had made these too credulous blacks believe that the Provost-Marshal would have them all branded with "U. S." on the forehead, on the 1st of January, so that they might be recognized as public property when the government should be ready to sell them to foreign masters. By New Year's Day, however, their fears had been removed by assurances that no such bitter fate awaited them.

COL. HIGGINSON'S REGIMENT IN SERVICE.—The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writing from Fernandina, Fla., Feb. 1, says: "Col. T. W. Higginson, with a detachment of his regiment, the First South Carolina Volunteers, came down from Beaufort last week to attend to the wants of our rebel brethren in Georgia and Florida. At St. Simon and Jekyll islands the expedition captured a quantity of T railroad iron, valued at $5,000, live stock and farming utensils of much utility to contrabands, who are exceedingly anxious to make a crop this season. Arriving at Fernandina, Col. Higginson proceeded up the St. Mary's river about 25 miles, to a point called Township, where he landed his command, and after marching a few miles from the river, on the Florida side, he met and thoroughly routed a company of mounted Floridians, emptying at the first discharge thirteen saddles and killing and wounding many more, while on the Union side only one man was killed, Mr. Parsons, a private in Company G, and two others were seriously though not dangerously wounded. Two days after, Col. Higginson ascended with the John Adams as high as Woodstock, Fla. His troops made sad havoc of the rebels as often as they appeared in force on either bank. At Woodstock, seven rebel prisoners were taken, and the expedition brought off forty thousand brick, lumber, live stock, and all the jewels belonging to Madame Aburtis's slave barracoon, or in chivalry parlance, jail, consisting of iron collars, bracelets for wrists and ankles, for both sexes. The only further casualty to our side was the death of Capt. J. C. Clifton, commanding the John Adams. While engaged in conversation with Major Strong, standing near the pilot-house, a Minié ball, fired from the shore, passed through his head, killing him instantly. Two bullets, aimed at Major Strong, struck in fearful proximity to him, but then, as on several other occasions of extreme danger in face of the enemy, he behaved in the most gallant manner.

"Col. Higginson sent Capt. Trowbridge, Company A, First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, from Fernandina, to look after the rebel salt works on the Georgian coast. The expedition proved a complete success. Our colored troops are more than a match for any equal number of while rebels which can be brought against them. With a few horse carts to transport ammunition (for they will provide commissary and quartermaster's stores as they go), these freedmen are all-sufficient to snuff out the rebellion."

BLACK SOLDIERS AT FORTRESS MONROE.—The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writing from Fortress Monroe, Feb. 3, says: "An authorization having been granted by the government to Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, for the enlistment of colored men as United States soldiers, the latter has requested Mr. C. B Wilder, Superintendent of Contrabands for this Department, to enlist all such as desire it. Having obtained the concurrence of Gen. Dix, as Military Governor, Mr. Wilder immediately held out prospects of promotion in the black regiments to certain commissioned and non-commissioned officers here, and the result is a spirited recruitment on their part of able men, who will render good service. In this neighborhood, including that of Norfolk, Suffolk and Yorktown, at least a battalion, and probably a regiment will be raised within a fortnight. The men will then be sent to Washington, and endued with blue coats and red unmentionables, as part of the Massachusetts contingent. Those who think these men will not fight, may safely divest themselves of the illusion. They are far more intelligent than the blacks of the French and Arab armies. A cavalier may argue that the latter were never slaves, and would naturally possess more spirit than our lately-freed negroes. The position is false. Many of them were slaves, and all had been treated in the barbarous regions of their birth with more brutality by superiors than fell generally to the lot of American bondmen."

The correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date Feb. 6, says: "There are now in the three cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth and Gosport, and at the contraband station at Craney Island, no less than 10,000 able-bodied negroes. This number is daily augmented by arrivals from the interior. If any one supposes that the negroes of Virginia do not know that

> 'In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
> Massa Linkum set us all free,'

a very brief sojourn in this region will convince him of his error. When the Negro Regiment bill becomes a law, there will be no difficulty whatever in immediately raising in this neighborhood ten regiments of black soldiers—soldiers who will fight at least as well as the regiment of conscripts from Pennsylvania, who showed the white feather at the fight near Suffolk the other day, and who were only prevented from running by the knowledge that Gen. Corcoran would have them shot if they did. 'Jim,' said I, yesterday, to a contraband, 'Congress is about to pass a law to arm all you people, and to set you in the front of the rebels. Will you fight?' The eyes of the contraband flashed out a spark of delight. 'Massa,' said he, 'is dat de truf? I'se bin prayin' for dat ar on my bended knees. Yes, indeed, we'll fight. I'se gettin' $15 a month heah, but I'll go to fight for half that pay. Give us a chance, massa, only you just once give us a chance. We'll show you if we won't fight. When the secesh was heah my missus axed me if I wouldn't fight for her, and kill a Yankee for her. I told her dat I'd bin raised never to lift my hand against a white man, and dat I couldn't do it. Dat's de way we talk to dem and fool 'em. We had to do it. But you just tell us to fight; gib us de guns, and we'll fight. We would be too mean not to do it. You is doin' all you kin for us—let us do all we kin for you.' I know, from extensive observation, that this is the spirit that animates the negroes here. Their preachers preach fight to them as a duty—they have every incentive to urge them forward, and none at all to hold them back."

KIDNAPPING BY NEW YORK SOLDIERS.—The attention of the proper authorities is called to the conduct of certain soldiers of the Ninety-ninth New York regiment, stationed between Norfolk and Suffolk, who, by the confession of several of their officers, have been kidnapping negroes and selling them to individuals within the rebel lines. The mode is this: a squad is sent to a post upon picket duty. Several remain, and the rest prowl around for an unfortunate black, whom they seize and deliver to buyers who are waiting at appointed places. The Confederate money received is then divided among the participators, and easily exchanged in Norfolk for national bills at a discount. This statement can readily be verified. It is time that the Ninety-ninth New York be sent into active service. It has long been here, is well disciplined, and should give place to a newly-recruited regiment. The regiment, as a body, boasts of its hatred toward negroes, and is looked on with much favor by the secessionists hereabouts. The brutality of certain of its members to unfortunate blacks is sometimes extreme. • I understand that three of their number, who were some time since captured while on picket duty, were escorted through Richmond in the most cordial manner before being dismissed on parole, while several of the Nineteenth Wisconsin, taken about the same time near Norfolk, were kept in confinement. This may or may not be true; but I have heard it from good authority. A man from the Ninety-ninth New York, named McGinnis, deserted to the rebels a few days ago, as also one Shelby, from the Seventh New York Battery.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

SETTING THEM TO WORK.—The Secretary of War has at last authorized Mr. Wilder to appropriate vacated lands of rebels in Eastern Virginia, to the use of those colored people of both sexes, who may wish to use them. The lands are not confiscated, they are merely appropriated for the time being, and, should peace speedily ensue, will be held only during the present year. The occupants will be placed in charge of white superintendents, who will each have under his control as many laborers as the farm may find employment for. The blacks will either be paid for their labor monthly, or wait until the sale of produce remunerates them—small advances for necessities being made them when required. Superintendents will also be paid from the proceeds of sales. Attention will especially be given to the cultivation of vegetables for the Northern markets, which have for years past proved profitable to farmers here on account of their early production in this comparatively Southern latitude. Free freight will be given to this produce, on government transports, to any point where it may be sent, and in giving this privilege, the War Department trusts that private benevolence will furnish all other facilities. Mr. Wilder is receiving donations and loans in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, of seeds, agricultural implements, fancy manures and stock, and will be pleased to hear from those kindly disposed to contribute in either form.

Attached to each farm will be a school, where children will be taught in the day, and adults at night. The teachers will be independent in their action of the farm superintendents. All this is intended both to relieve the government of the $1,000 a day it now pays for the support of contrabands in this Department, and to prove, what is doubted by many, that negroes will work in a state of freedom. The result of the experiment will be satisfactory, and will set ta rest all fears of foolish persons, that free blacks will be a charge to the nation. The war over, and their freedom definitely secured, abundant employment in the Southern States will be offered them. A number of neighboring Virginia farmers are ready at this moment to hire them by the hundred, if government will insure protection to the crops, but the negroes have naturally less confidence in private individuals than in the Contraband Association, whose benevolent motives they are aware of, and prefer the superintendence of the latter. It is necessary that slavery be effectually crushed, abstractly and virtually. The States of the Union will then have indentical interests, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial, and the country will start, unimpeded by jarring interests, upon a career of prosperity yet undreamed of.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

HANGING NEGROES.—The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, giving an account of the Mississippi expedition, says: "At the plantation of Judge Griffin at Chicot Bend, we ascertained that several negroes who had visited our boat at another point three weeks before had been executed by the neighbors. The facts concerning the case were these: On New Year's Day, when the steamboat Tigress was bound down the river, we stopped to get some wood on Mr. Moore's plantation. Soon several negroes appeared on the bank mounted on mules. It seems that when Mr. Moore had seen our steamboat coming he had sent the negroes off to the woods; but instead of going to the woods they rode round to the river to our steamboat. The servants on Judge Griffin's place said that these negroes, for that offence, had since been hanged by the neighbors. They also said that a few days before, when one of our steamboats was passing, some negroes came out on the bank and hailed her; but the steamboat passed on without taking them on board. Next day some planters who had seen them from the other side came across the river and hung them."

Summary.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.—Benjamin J. Lossing has obtained permission from the President to take a photograph of the Emancipation proclamation, which is entirely in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting. The photograph is to form one of the illustrations in Mr. Lossing's historical work.

The secesh opened Parson Brownlow's house at Knoxville, Tenn., for a negro dance on Christmas night. The Parson writes a letter on the subject, in which he says that either the praying or the dancing negroes of Knoxville are greatly superior to their owners in virtue and morality, and "that a negro dance to the tune of 'Pop goes the Weasel,' would be more acceptable in the eyes and ears of high Heaven than pretended religious services, conducted by one of the hypocritical chaplains in the Southern army, or one of the lying, whiskey-drinking clergymen of the South concerned in getting up this rebellion. I have no sort of doubt. At least I prefer their using my house for a negro dance to their meeting in it to mock God, and burlesque religion by pretending to conduct religious exercises."

A FORM OF PRAYER SUITABLE FOR THE TIMES.—Some of our Episcopal cotemporaries have lately been urging the Bishops to prepare a new form of prayer suitable to the present crisis of the nation. We have no suggestions to offer in the matter, but if the prayer of old

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

You have put the children to bed, Alice—
Maud and Willie and Rose;
They have lisped their sweet "Our Father,"
And sunk to their night's repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice?
Did they think of me, and say,
"God bless him, and God bless him,
Dear father, far away?"

Oh, my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long so to behold
Rose with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud with her curls of gold;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee;
Oh, my heart *yearns* to enfold ye,
My "smiling group of three."

I can bear the noisy day, Alice:
The camp life, gay and wild,
Shuts from my yearning bosom
The thought of wife and child.
But when the night is round me,
And under its starry beams
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams!

I think of the pale young wife, Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening
And called me to my place.
I think of the three sweet birdlings
Left in the dear home-nest,
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

Oh, when will the war be over, Alice!
Oh, when shall I behold
Rose with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud with her curls of gold;
And Will, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee,
And more than all, the dear wife
Who bore my babes to me?

God guard and keep you all, Alice;
God guard and keep me, too;
For if only one were missing,
What would the others do?
Oh, when will the war be over,
And when shall I behold
Those whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home fold?

THE RESPONSE.

I have put the children to bed, Harry—
Rose and Willie and Maud;
They have sung their hymns together,
And whispered their prayer to God.
Then Rose said, gently smiling,
"Come Willie and Maud, now say
"God bless the dear, sweet father,
Father so far away."

And such a glad trust arose, Harry,
In this sad heart of mine,
For I felt that God would keep you
Safe in his hand divine.
And I kissed their pure, young foreheads,
And said, "He is over all!
He counteth the hairs of your heads, darlings,
And noteth the sparrow's fall."

Then I sung them to their sleep, Harry,
With hymns all trust and love,
And I knew that God was listening
From His gracious throne above.
And since that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear!
And so have the children, Harry;
They seem to know no fear.

They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be;
I list to their childish prattings,
Nor care to check their glee.
For oh! 'tis a cause so noble,
And you are so brave and true,
And God protects His own, Harry,
And surely will watch o'er you.

So keep up a brave good heart, Harry,
God willing—and He knows best—
We'll welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-nest.
And Maud and Rose and Willie
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

Fitchburg, Mass. —*Salem (Mass.) Register.*

BEECHER ON NEW ENGLAND.

[On Tuesday evening, Feb. 3, HENRY WARD BEECHER delivered a lecture in the Music Hall, Boston, which *The Journal* of that city reports as follows.]

THERE lies, between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, a little gore of land, a few hundred miles wide and long, that seems to have been made up of the fragments and leavings, after the rest of the continent was made. Its ribs stick out beyond all covering; it has sand enough to scour all creation (laughter); there are no large rivers, but there are many nimble little ones that seem to have been busy since the flood in taking exercise over rifts and rocks. Its indigenous productions were ice, Indians, and trees. Its wild fruits are whortleberries and chesnuts. About the time that this part of the continent was first explored a great plague had swept off a large portion of its Indians. Trading and commercial adventurers had endeavored to effect a settlement in vain. The place seemed too hard for Indians and roving traders. This tongue of land was set apart apparently for a wilderness, and it had peculiar aptitudes for keeping men away from it. Its Summers were short, its Winters long, its rocks innumerable, its soil thin. Bounded to the north by hyperborean cold, to the east by endless forests, to the south by the ocean; only to the west was there an opening through which the people could make their way out, should there ever be a population. To settle this cold, sterile and sombre corner of creation a race of men was raised up called the Puritans. Naturalists tell us that every plant has its insect and every animal its parasite; so there must be some sort of animal adapted to live on these shores; and that animal was the Puritan. The Puritan was not described by Cuvier, or by any naturalist. None of the modern ethnographers have given attention to this class of beings. They have been described in popular literature and in newspapers; and if we may not believe them, what *shall* we believe? (Laughter.) Taking our idea from political speeches and newspapers, the Puritan was a hard, tough, gaunt creature, utterly devoid of taste and of the finer affections, but excessively endowed with a holy combativeness. He was always to be seen with his eyes earth-bound, and sanctimonious face; whenever they were lifted it was to find fault, or wrong, as the case might be. He is supposed to regard all men as wrong but himself; his vocation is to put all things right. Therefore he is the moral tinker of the universe, and is for mending rips in morals, and putting patches upon conduct generally, making up the deficiencies he detects in Providence and creation. Like the sea-bird, he is ever on the wing, and never better pleased than in a storm. This character infests the whole western continent, and causes more disputes, controversies and excitements than all the rest of the population put together. No other character could have lived in New England, and nothing else could live there if he did. He was tougher than the stone, drier than the sand, more obstinate than the seasons; and, indeed, some naturalists tell us that since the Puritans settled in New England, its climate has grown much milder; even New England Winters could not stand the eternal fault-finding of the Puritans (laughter).

As long as this controversy between nature and the Puritan was confined to New England, men were patient. But within a hundred years we have seen great mischiefs introduced upon the rest of the continent. There is the Hessian fly, that has robbed millions on millions of dollars from the wheat crop; there are weevils, and blights, and the curculio on trees; and then we have the Canada thistle, the very Yankee of Botany—sharp, hungry, and prolific; with a million of seeds, and every seed sure to sprout; growing ten times as fast when you cut it up by the roots as when you let it alone. Among all these none have been so much deplored as the spread of the Yankee. He is the plague of the continent; goes everywhere; engages in everything; is always and everywhere the same disputing, meddling, reforming character he was in England, and is in New England, and seems likely to be until the end of the world. Agitator in politics, disputant in theology, fault-finding in morals, prying up peaceful citizens' houses to see if the underpinning is safe—the vender of gimcracks to every housekeeper, he has always some new way of grinding, or screwing, or twisting, or rolling, or churning, or knitting, or sewing, or plowing to show. His plows and washing-machines would build the Chinese wall. The Puritan Yankee has at last exhausted the patience of the saints of the plantations, and they have determined to "hunt him home to his den," as Mr. Cox, of Onio, says, and to shut him up there all by himself. We would suggest, therefore, that all the Yankee inventions be collected, and a wall built of the carts, plows, reapers, churns, sewing-machines, clocks, stoves, and all the contrivances which the indefatigable Yankee has invented, and that all the Yankee books, spelling-books, reading-books, histories, geographies, theological books, scientific books—be piled upon the top of these, and that it be rendered lawful to shoot any Yankee who attempts to scale the wall; and then it may be hoped that, left to feed upon these, they may become refined beyond the body, and peradventure the whole stock may rise some windy day in blessed translations and leave the world in peace, to shudder at nothing any more, except the remembrance of the horrid Yankees! (Loud laughter and applause.)

Laying aside these important views, it may be well to consider—coming down into more sober ways—some of the facts and influences which are connected with the reputation which New England has achieved. The American people are a conglomerate people. Even early in their history they were a varied people, but only within the last fifty years has emigration been so great as to have a very marked and appreciable effect upon the population of the country. That there should be among so many men of various nationalities, more or less national prejudices, was to have been expected; the wonder is that there should have been so few. It has hardly amounted to an appreciable friction in the social machine; for the country is new, and all the men have been needed for its development. There has been work enough for all, and prosperity for all, and men who are thriving are seldom given to hatreds. But there has been some prejudice. The strongest has been against the African. The reason for that has been both personal and political. He wears the badge of his race in feature and complexion. His whole figure marks him not only as one differing from others, but differing outwardly and manifestly; and this will always expose a race to prejudice and injury. But the prejudice has been more a political one, for his race is a slave race, and slavery has always been regarded, by all nations, not only as a misfortune, but as a degradation. That stigma has passed over from those who are slave to those who are free of this race. Next in prejudice stands the Irishman. It is, however, not against the Irish, as a class, but against the Irish just come over, that this prejudice has existed. Only as against the ignorant, the rude, the quarrelsome Irish has it existed. The moment they or their children go to our schools, or begin to rise in our community, then the prejudice is all gone. Next to the negro and the Irishman is the Yankee. The prejudice against him is really wide spread and deep-rooted. No one who has lived only in New England can form any conception of the extent of this prejudice in the South and West. It is educated into people. Parents teach it to their children; children infuse each other with it. Even the slaves are inoculated with this prejudice, and most of the specimens they have opportunities of seeing are not calculated to remove the impression (laughter and applause). Indeed, the Yankee is given over irredeemably to reproach in the South. His name has become a generic term of opprobrium. So seldom is the Yankee mentioned except with objurgations, that the story is told of an old slave at Hilton Head who was overheard praying most fervently for the "d—d Yankees!" He thought that was their Christian name! (Great merriment.) The West, and particularly the flats lying along the Ohio, is settled very largely from the South. This population brought with it this spirit. But the large emigration of New England people has tempered the prejudice in the northern portions; it scarcely exists in the Northwest. When, therefore, politicians appeal to the hatred of the Yankees, it may almost be said that they strike an original faculty in the Southern mind. If Messrs. Fowler and Wells will look sharp at the head of a Southern man, I think they will discover an organ lying somewhere between the organ of love of whiskey and the organ of love of tobacco, which may be called the hatred of Yankees (laughter). And yet it will be found that this feeling is rather against a class, against the ideal than against the real, for when a true and genuine man of New England blood goes among them, and approves his good fellowship, they accept him, without prejudice, as one of themselves, and the highest compliment that any people can pay a stranger is to say, "You seem as if you were born among us"; for he who wraps a home word around you signifies that he perceives in you those qualities that make home dear to his heart. But while, one by one, New Englanders are respected and esteemed, the class to which they belong is always hated.

It may be well for us to examine some of the causes of this animosity. And I may premise that it is not new—it is not recent. The Puritan stock has never been beloved. It was not popular in England. It was respected, tolerated, but not greatly delighted in, in Holland. In coming to our shores, our fathers brought sterling qualities with them, but they were not dressed in a very engaging manner. The Puritan stock has never been popular. Before the Union was formed, during the revolutionary war, the Yankee was regarded just as he is now; and this is not the first nor the second time that it has been proposed to shoulder New England out of the Union! She is used to it. The historical Puritan is a man to be respected and feared rather than loved. He was bred in a school of realities rather than of graces. He was called to a work of resistance, and only stern and rugged men would be likely to side with him. They brought hither no elegances; learned none in their early generation. They were taught to see seduction in every grace, as the early Christians turned away from art because all its forms and symbols were wholly imbued with ideas most dangerous to the nascent Christianity. They were men of integrity and simplicity, and manly, downright and earnest, conscientiously following their convictions. Indeed, the Puritans come of a stock that is not remarkable for grace. They are robust, hardy, substantial, to be relied upon, enduring—but pragmatical, obstinate and conceited. Out of this early Puritanism has grown up a generation of men less rugged, but they are equally earnest and conscientious. The New England character is not well understood except by those who have lived in New England. It is supposed that New Englanders are stern and morose. They are somewhat sober. It is true, gravity and earnestness give them the appearance, sometimes, of sombreness. But it is only appearance. They are men who have something to do, and seem intent on doing it all their life. But underlying this exterior, there is the most genial and intense affection. If love and friendship have ever found a more cordial welcome, a more enduring loyalty than in New England, I know not where to look for it. There may be less flame, but the coals of love are there, even when raked up, and they will keep through a long night, and be ready to kindle again when the morning comes. There is but little expression given in New England to feeling; for the New Englander is apt to have deep feelings rather than noisy ones. A feeling is so sacred that the New Englander is taught to avoid its manifestation to strangers. Yet these people carry deep wells in their hearts. It takes a long line to draw the bucket up, but as often as you go, Summer or Winter, from year to year, there is not a day nor an hour in which the bucket may not be brought up to the top, brimming full, and leave a silent and inexhaustible supply behind (applause). But it is not strange that a mercurial people, who carry their feelings in their eyes and on their lips, should misjudge this reserved people. One cannot desire a nobler refutation of the slanders that are heaped upon the New Englander than the estimation in which the daughters of New England are held; for there is no national scale of prejudice against New England sweethearts and wives. There is not a Western man or a Southerner who is not fully willing and glad to set up in his household such a priestess of intelligence and purity. They will fight the brother, but they want to marry the sister (laughter and applause). Woman, like gold, is a legal tender the world over, no matter what image or superscription is stamped on it by the national mint; and the fiery Southerner knows it as well as another (loud applause). Nowhere else on earth, however, more than in New England is woman the full mother of every whole man; and one Yankee woman is twice as Yankee as two men (laughter and applause). There is nothing more contrasted, either, than the methods of enthusiasm which exist in the North and the South. The New Englander acts always as if he was ashamed of his feelings. There seems almost to have been a drop of Indian mixed with his Puritan blood. The Southerner is frank; the Yankee is reserved, constitutionally. The one speaks more than he means, and seems never able to speak enough. The other never speaks half so much, and seems distressed to think he must speak at all. The one flames in anger and glows in love. The other smothers anger, and is shy in friendship. The Southerner gives you the expectation of more than you will ever find; and you will always find more than you expect in the Yankee. A large amount of prejudice has arisen from the relation of New England to the South and West of manufacturers and pedlers. The ingenuity of the New Englander fitted him to become the manufacturer of the country; but in earlier times the wares of New England were conveyed to the South by adventurous young men, who sought out their customers from cabin to cabin. As our wealthy men now finish the education of their sons by sending them to the great capitals of Europe, our laboring classes finished the education of their sons in olden times by sending them to visit the capitals and hamlets of the South on their waggons. Tin-ware, wooden-ware, clocks, jewelry, and all manner of light goods, and that indescribable collection of things that went under the name of "Yankee Notions," were regularly sold through all the West and South by peddlers from New England, and particularly from Connecticut. We may very well imagine the reputation that New England would get among those who knew her only by her peddlers. Who can estimate the various deceits, the cute contrivances, not to say swindles, to which these peddlers resorted to dispose of their wares! What must have been the impression made of the people who sent out such representatives? Ah! shall I deny the impeachment? Shall I deny one and all of the slanders that have been uttered against the peddlers? Shall I consign the wooden nutmegs and the clocks that proved steadfast and innumerable to the limbo of exploded scoundrels? I fear that that is the weak point of New Englanders. But there is something beside this. The training in the South and in the North, in business, is so entirely different, that men trained in these respective schools are not only unlike, but would be very likely to be disagreeable to each other. In the North, each man begins life with the consciousness that he has his own particular fortune to make, with very little to make it out of, and nobody to help him. He must live in the most economical manner, but with all his economy, he must be respectable. He must work with untiring industry, and to industry there must be added so much intelligence that he shall be able, in this endless competition, by some new way of easier doing, to earn more than others. His earnings are small, at best; his frugality must therefore be intense. New Englanders have industry, economy, and an inevitableness of will to which few but Yankees would submit. Now, it is not possible that this should take place through generations, and not leave its impression upon character and manners. The Southerner lives in a climate that requires but little prevision; on a soil that yields abundantly, at the cost of but little labor; he has his work performed by slaves, and spends his time in politics, in hunting, or in neighborhood conviviality. Careless himself, loving indulgence, devoting himself to pleasure, living in a climate that will not permit New England industry, he cannot but dislike the sharp, keen, industrious, economical Yankee; and when the peddler gets rich, when he marries a plantation, or buys out some old crumbling estate from a "first family," it is not strange that men change their tobacco from one side of their mouth to the other, and express their views upon Yankee character in phrases that are more distinct than pious (laughter). But it is an even game of contempt; for the Yankee despises the careless, loose-living Southerner, who wastes enough to support an honest man—despises him just as thoroughly as the easy-going Southerner hates the shrewd, scheming, money-grasping Yankee.

But there is, below all this, a singular and curious element, not ordinarily considered, in explanation of the national character. In spite of this dishonesty, which consists in pushing sharpness too far, there is in the Yankee trader's character an underlying regard for principle. The frame-work of New England society is the most intensely moral of any on the earth. If the New Englander is not moral, it is because institutions cannot make him so. There are no classes in New England except natural classes—the aristocracy of virtue and intelligence. There is a true democracy in New England. A New England township, I think, is the only literal political democracy on the globe. But the ground-work of New England society is in ideas; the right of each man to all his attributes; the duty and the dignity of work; and, above all, the fundamental morality of political economy, the doctrine of equivalents—that a man must give a fair equivalent for everything that he gets. That is New England; and though you may call it by other names in political economy and in trading, it is simply the doctrine of radical honesty. The spirit of adventure, of speculation, of large financiering has come in later, and belongs to exceptional cases. The masses of New England men are educated to the moral conviction that no man has a right to anything that he does not earn or inherit; and I might almost say that the people of the South are ordinarily educated to the idea that no man has a right in anything. Work in New England is almost an equivalent term with honesty. Nowhere else is begging so disgraceful. Nowhere else is the conviction so ingrained that men must earn all they hold. Southern society reverses this idea. The dominant idea is to live without working, and to get the most with the least exertion. I am not speaking of the many just and honorable men in every Southern city who are "a light unto themselves," and are ruled by the universal laws of commerce and equity rather than the local influences around them. But Southern society is built on a peculiar institution that has dominated in the South. They do not steal money, but money-makers. Their earnings are not their own earnings, but what their slaves earn for them. This fact begets another—the division of men into classes, the inequality of natural rights, and this leads to the framing of laws partial and unjust; therefore, injustice is the organic principle that has been wrought into the industry, commerce and political economy of the South, as justice is the element that has been wrought into the fundamental institutions of New England. This taint works up and down all through the Southern character. When the Yankee is dishonest, it is not by denying the principles of honesty; it is by carrying his smartness to excess, and evading the doctrines of honesty. His principle is a moral one; his error lies in pushing his shrewdness too far. The Southern man will tell a lie point blank for a purpose; the Yankee has been so religiously educated that he invariably assumes a clumsy lie to be wicked (laughter and applause). They must be ingenious, they must be imaginative, they must be constructive; there must be a smartness in them that shall excite surprise, if not admiration. The Southerner puts his heart into his lies, but no brains; the Yankee puts very little heart into his, but a great deal of brains. He will not admit that they are lies—they are propositions (laughter). They may have misled men, but what fools men must be to be misled! It is their fault. The Southerner lies by telling falsehoods; the Yankee by telling truths. Thus even the vices of the two sections reveal the basis on which they stand, and the education on which they have grown up. This moral restraint in men who will do wrong produces singular developments. The pioneer Southerners, casting off all restraints and pretenses, act fearlessly according to their will. They have a sort of free and large courage. They are men unrestrained, and they have that low degree of excellence which inheres in the savage. The Yankee is educated to obedience of law; he is law-abiding, and he is a poor law-breaker—the poorest in the world; he is a coward before the law; he must do wrong within the statute, if at all.

It is not difficult, to carry this further, to show that the organic influences at work in the two societies make men so differently that they cannot coexist without some degree of jar. Consider what must be the effect of bringing a stringent, restless, active, prying, indefatigable, money-loving class of men in contact with careless, shiftless, easy, indolent men who drive along the easy current of life with an intense sense of to-day and a tropical repugnance to thinking much of to-morrow. Is it wonderful that the grit of the one should offend the pulp of the other? It is this energetic nature, made intenser by his original moral education, that justifies the impression and explains the fact that Yankees are the severest slaveholders. We have only to consider the injustice and cruelty of exacting from slaves the industry and regularity which a Northern man expects from himself all his life. It would kill a slave to do the work which a free man scarcely feels. The one rows up stream, the other down. No man can row as far up stream in a day as he can down. We must add to this the disagreeable side of the Yankee. The distance between a wicked man and a wicked woman is a great deal further than between a man and a woman, for woman begins higher than a man and falls further. A man lives so near to the ground that it don't hurt him much to fall. And upon this is the philosophy that when a Yankee becomes wicked he is the wickedest man on earth. When mean, he is the meanest, as you have had opportunities to see, and when good, he is the noblest. I ought not to leave this part of my subject without saying that this sort of men bears no proportion to the business community of New England business men. They are as a body as honorable, as truthful, and as noble as any that live on earth. They are made to suffer by the sins of those who do the evil. They suffer by imputation. We must add still further to this inventory the cause of the immediate effect—thorough-bred brains. For two hundred years New England has bred, for one thing, brains. Her schools, her colleges, her townships, families are so many pastures feeding one element, mind. New England has, more than any other equal territory, a people wrought up, a thorough-bred human stock. Some cattle run to fat, some to flesh, some to strength, some to speed, some to beauty, some, like Alderneys, to milk. This is the Yankee; he is the Alderney of men, and carries his bag in his head (laughter). Education has been the ideal of New England ambition, schools and colleges are the original idols they worship. The result is universal mental activity. There is not room enough in New England for her own population. It is like the bird's nest. There are always more eggs laid in the nest than there can be room in the nest for the birds to grow. It is a good place to be born in; if a man wants to fly he must go somewhere else. They invent, they manufacture, and understand brain opportunities as well as any people on earth. Outside of their corner lay a continent which needed just what their enterprise could give—education. The Yankee swarmed the land. Wherever patient, untiring, methodical thought and industry are required, there you will find the Yankee, along the lakes, in all the Western States, at the South, at the mouths of the Mississippi, you will find they carry thoughts altogether disproportionate to New England population. She furnishes cashiers, bankers, fund commissioners, engineers, railroad managers, captains of ships and steamboats, commercialists, machinists, foremen, agents, judges, lawyers, professors, school-masters, doctors, and candidates for Congress (laughter), though I will admit that in this last respect she is not to be compared with the South. The Southerner goes to Congress as a means to an end; when the Yankee goes he expects to make something by it. But a Southerner emigrating to Indiana improves the first opportunity to offer to become their Senator in Congress; if there be one elected he will become Representative, but if that berth is filled he will consent to be State Senator. If they need no more, then he will consent to be a Judge of their Supreme Court; if that berth be occupied he will go to the Legislature, and if he cannot go to the Legislature he will be sheriff, and if he cannot be a sheriff, rather than do nothing, he will be constable—anything that has a salary and no work. This occupancy of places of trust, industry, and thought throughout the country by Yankee mind has followed the great law of want and of supply. The Yankee is not in such places of responsibility because he has been favored, but he has always risen in spite of prejudice; he has not wormed his way to these places. He is there simply because he was wanted. As many have been exported to order from New England as ever have emigrated to these eminent places and trusts. Where they wanted Northern men to denounce New England, to show her off—even that they have got Yankees to do. Yankees till their plantations, make their wares and furniture, their hands carry the produce to market, do their banking, marry their plantations, teach their Creoles, preach their funeral sermons, defend their rebellion, and slander New England (for pretty much all they do of that is done by Yankees); and in the Northern States, the very men who lead the cry against New England are mostly of her own blood. Governor Seymour of New York will scarcely deny that Connecticut blood is good to make governors of. New England, too, has inspired and controlled the literature and learning of this continent. It is a silent work, but it is the seat of power in the nation—the leader in our day—that controls newspapers, legislatures. New England creates books, furnishes school libraries. New England gives to this land its class of literary men. This is not saying that only New Englanders are educated to letters, but they, her sons, have given to this continent its literary national character. That the Yankee has employed this opportunity to glorify the merits of his ideas, his father's merits and the history of the colonies, is not to be denied, for it is a thing both natural and honorable. As respects national vanity, there cannot be a nation without it. You may as well ask for a peacock without a strut as a nation without vanity. You cannot find one on the globe which has not this attribute; and as to boasting, you might as well expect a cock that would not crow as to expect a nation that would not boast. Does not France think that Paris is the universe? Did you ever see a thorough-bred Englishman that did not boast? That America boasts, and that New England boasts, is but to say that they have the attributes of national life. She has boasted, then, no more than any other nation, but she held the high places of learning and letters, so that she could make her merits known, and she has boasted so well that she has made every nation curious to know what she says, not more than but better than others. She has done this thing. But if all these things have made New England only disagreeable, it is not her foible but her force that makes her at once the object of hatred and of fear, for New England is no longer mere territory, she is a moral power. Her name stands for ideas, as Athens did and Rome does. It is her moral power, not her social nor material prosperity that enrages the enemies of mankind.

We may sum up the real cause of her offence in this land under two heads—her political ideas and her religious philosophy. Her political doctrines are very simple, but very radical. For holding them her fathers were hated by every throne in Europe, and for these same doctrines of the rights of man and the civil liberties of nations is New England now hated by every aristocrat of the plantation, and by every sneaking sympathizer with oppression in the free States (applause). When in the history of this people was not the New England name the synonym for liberty? (Applause.) She is the true founder of this government, of popular government. New England gave to America republican institutions. Let men take the testimony of the impartial De Tocqueville, the noblest political philosopher of this age, and the best writer on liberty of any age. He does not hesitate to declare that this nation is indebted not only to New England but to New England townships for the best ideas of our institutions. New England was teacher of the political philosophy of this continent when an inferior from a tropical climate seized the capital; its ideas represented by the deadly miasmas of the Gulf, liberty was construed by judges that were foes of liberty, and the government that was ordained to maintain universal liberty, for fifty years has been controlled by men who sought to establish slavery forever by its forms and its power. In this infamous revolution, openly and secretly, individually and collectively, New England has been unbridable, and would not revolt from her principles, and she is on trial for her inexpugnable fidelity to liberty (applause). If she would yield her philosophy; if she would so far yield it that it would be but the philosophy of the schools and the lecture-room; if she would withdraw the power that she exerts upon the minds of men to baffle tyranny, and destroy the most infamous of all tyranny—that of the intelligent white, strong, over the poor besotted black, weak; if New England would consent to overthrow all this doctrine that made her own original life and stamped her for immortality, she would become popular in half an hour. She is hated in every Southern State for the very reason that Five Points hates the Churches of New York, that the burglar hates the law, that the thief is against the judge, that crime hates virtue, as oppression hates liberty; and the brightest star that has shown out in her history yet, is that New England stands ready to be burned—a martyr that will not flinch, bearing testimony to her own original political doctrines (tremendous applause). Besides, there are her religious philosophers, and that has been a cause of offense, and will be so long as conscience, and fidelity, and honor remain, or Christianity throbs in the hearts of men that have experienced its divine power. And in New England chiefly, I think it may be said, you will find the representation of the great democratic religious tendencies as antagonistic to the hierarchic tendency of religion. There have been substantially two great divisions in regard to Christianity as a power and the mode of applying it. One holds that Christianity comes to all a kingdom within a kingdom, *imperium in imperio*. The church is to be built, and into it are to be invited all that are willing to come, and the minister holds that they are not to go into the crowd; they are the servants of the meek and lowly Jesus, they tell you, and they gather themselves into the seclusion of the temple, and stand in dim and awful light before the altar or the flame that has no sound but only fire and sight. So would they stand, not active forces among men, but servants of the Church. There is another idea, the Puritan idea, which begins with the declaration that "God so loved the world," not the Church. It accepts the Church according to what it can do, as a coworker for humanity. It holds that the business of the minister is to take the things of salvation and bear them right down to the hearts, not of a select few, but of mankind (applause). The Puritan conception of the duties of the minister of religion is, that he is the drawn sword that Christ declared he came to send into the world, that he shall learn that his business is to agitate men. He thanks God that he is true to his character. The Puritan holds that God's truth is as the sunlight, and there is no place on earth sacred from its intrusion, and he has a right to carry it there, because he is ordained a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. The ministers of New England from the earliest days they have been pleased to call meddlesome, especially in public affairs. I hold that to be a literal truth (applause). I hold that the glory of New England was in these bright days gone by when every minister of the gospel felt that he was part of the commonwealth, and that there was no citizen so low that was not his brother and his friend, and that he was called as a citizen and a Christian brother, to go down, a man among men, to bear their burdens, bringing the consolations and the warnings and the truths of the gospel to every man, things that made New England. For the last fifty years that doctrine has gone into decline, and the ministry have been deceived for a short time to believe that their business was in the pulpit and not in the forum, and that has been the most despicable period of New England's history. But the bandage has been torn off, and that spirit has come back again to New England, and the voice of the minister sounds through the whole continent, and it is the gospel of liberty preached by New England ministers that makes the offense. Find me a man, fat with his indolence, pleasing to all men, that rebukes no profitable sin, and that holds himself too sacred to touch a citizen's duty, and you may look at him from the top to the bottom and you won't find that passion or reproach has ever touched him. He is not detested. Find me a man that with the spirit of the old fathers that wrought out on his anvil the doctrine that broke the fetters and discrowned crowns—find me such a minister that of his own spirit wrought out the doctrine that every man by the right and title that God put in him, has a right to civil liberty, and there is not a whelp of the devil on the face of the earth that shall not bark and howl at his heels. And this is the peculiar glory of New England, intermitted but for a short, disastrous period. If, then, these two things could be changed, the political philosophy and the liberty of New England mind, slavery could walk unmolested. It is the glory of New England that, as she was the cradle of liberty, she refuses to walk after its coffin.

And now what is the crime of this disturber of the nation? Is it that New England loves money? Since she is the only part of the nation that does may she not be forgiven? (Laughter.) New England owns the money that she earns with her honest hands. Others love the money that is earned by the black hands of slavery. That is the difference. Is it that New England boasts? She ought not, having such unparalleled examples of modesty of the first families of Virginia, the meekness of the Carolinians, who have taught her to be meek. The boasts of New England stand in singular contrast with the exquisite principles of modesty of every part of this land; she should be condemned for boasting. Is it that in national trusts and burdens she has meanly shirked her share? Take the statistics of history and ask who gave the most money and the most men in the revolutionary struggle. Go back and ask if in the war of 1812, which New England hated, she did not give the money and was the moral support of the Administration? Ask in every struggle since when the government has been jeoparded, which part of the country has given the most material and the most moral support to the public welfare, and that shall be New England's clearance and apology for the declaration that has entered all this land. New England has patiently borne the fruits and has never shrunk nor failed to bear more than her part of the public burdens. Wherever there is a State you will find the glory of New England, her school mistresses and masters, and churches testifying all over the land what has been her fidelity in the civilization of this continent. No! This is the cause of her offense, that in a nation that run greedily after worldly gain she would never suffer this mischief; that when the nation was giving up its principles and salvation to Southern revolutionists, New England stood firm as the apostle of God against apostacy. For this national fidelity, it is proposed to reconstruct the Union and leave her out. But will you be kind enough to tell me where New England is? Not on her own territory. New England is wherever her ideas are, and you have got to tear down the books that fill the libraries of this continent before New England is shut out. Shut out this territory—New England ain't out. The laws that she made throb still, the blood that she put into them, the institutions that she framed stand as witnesses to bring her back. Her sons and her daughters fill the land. One-third part of the population of America is either New England or descended from New England people to-day. More than one million men live in this nation to-day that were born in New England, and are you going to turn them out? What will you do with those threads woven into the fabrics of the country? There will be holes and patches, I take it, when New England is turned out (applause). And if she were turned out, is her honor gone? Was Christianity destroyed when they destroyed Jerusalem? Again, if you should sack Rome and raze it to the ground, would the Roman Catholic faith go because Rome went? If you burn the old cradle and nurse, do you burn the man that forty years before slept in it? Do what you can with New England, the influence of her work abides still, and will abide upon this continent. Not until you have reorganized the States, not until you have taken from them every fundamental idea, not until you have changed every portion of this government, can you get rid of New England. No, not then; for if you should destroy her books, shut her schools send home her professors, return her population back to her and fill her up with people from her shores up to the mountain sides, and build a wall of exclusion, have you got rid of her then? I tell you that you cannot make a law that will keep ideas at home. You may as well make a law that birds shall not fly higher than a fowler's aim; for ideas fly high and are quick-winged, and we send them abroad. We do not need to be in a fort to bombard a fort. Every New England battery—her brains—will bombard slavery still (applause). Stop her if you can. The ages move with her. God's providence points that way; that is the road toward the millenium, and millions are walking on that road and she leads them. Her work is not yet done. She knows the liberties that she planted—she means to defend them. She stood by the beginning, she shall not depart from the end. And as Christ waited three days after he heard that Lazarus was sick, and came to find the beloved dead in the tomb, she can cause the stone to be removed and call liberty forth, though in grave-clothes, and pointing to the continent shall say: "Loose her and let her go."

THE PROCLAMATION.—It is objected to the proclamation that it is only an ink and paper proclamation. I admit it. The objector might go a step further, and assert that there was a time when this proclamation was only a thought, a sentiment, an idea—a hope of some radical Abolitionist—for such it truly was. But what of it? The world has never advanced a single inch in the right direction, when the movement could not be traced to some such small beginning. The bill abolishing slavery, and giving freedom to eight hundred thousand people in the West Indies, was a paper bill. The Reform bill, that broke up the rotten borough system in England, was a paper bill. The act of Catholic Emancipation was a paper act, and so was the bill repealing the Corn Laws. Greater than all, our own Declaration of Independence was at one time but ink and paper (cheering). The freedom of the American colonies dates from no particular battle during the war. No man can tell upon what particular day we won our national independence. But the birth of our freedom is fixed on the day of the going forth of the Declaration of Independence. In like manner, aftercoming generations will celebrate the first of January as the day which brought liberty and manhood to the American slaves (loud cheers).—*Speech of Frederick Douglass.*

RAILWAY ETHICS.—"What's the *justice* into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his "stoop" about the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod; "what's the justice into 'em? What's the justice in cartin' sand off o' my farm to put it on to another man's ma'sh? Cuttin' round the country, runnin' over folks, killin' calves, and heifers and shoats—where's the justice in all that? And where's the *'commodation* of 'em. As it used to was, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the mornin', a'ter a good breakfast, and set off when I got ready; now, you've got to go when the bell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes for you. And when you *git* to Boston you can't stop where you wan't to—can't drive to where you want to put up. What kind o' 'commodation is that? And jes' so when you're comin' home; got to go to a particular place afore you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings ag'in! Good deal o' 'commodation in that, ain't they? I've never rode on one of the darned things, and I never will; but it's goin' on three years now that I've seen 'em come out and go in, and I never could see that they went so darned *fast*, either."

THE RESULT SURE.—That this war is to abolish slavery I have no manner of doubt. The process may be long and tedious, but the event will come at last. It is among the undoubted certainties of the future (cheering). It is objected to the proclamation of freedom, that it only abolishes slavery in the rebel States. To me it seems a blunder that slavery was not declared abolished everywhere in the Republic. Slavery everywhere endangers the National cause, and should perish everywhere (loud applause). But even in this omission of the proclamation the evil is more seeming than real. When Virginia is a free State, Maryland cannot be a slave State. When Missouri is a free State, Kentucky cannot be a slave State (cheers). Slavery must stand or fall together. Strike it at either extreme, either on the head or at the heel, and it dies. A brick knocked down at either end of the row brings every brick in it to the ground (applause). You have heard the story of the Irishman who paid the price of two spurs—but refused to carry away but one; on the ground, as he said, that if he could make one side of his horse go, he would risk the other (laughter and cheering). So I say, if we can strike down slavery in the rebel States, I will risk the downfall of slavery in the Border States (cheering).—*Speech of Frederick Douglass.*

HOME TYRANTS.—For his rule over his family and for his conduct to wife and children, subjects over whom his power is monarchical, any one who watches the world must think with trembling on the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness, life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspapers, and railing at the tyranny of the emperor, and wondered how these, who are monarchs too in their way, govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown the Supreme Master under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants cruel as Amurath, savage as Nero, and reckless and dissolute as Charles. —*Thackeray.*

A CHRISTIAN CHURCH should put no fetters on the man; it should have unity of purpose, but with the most entire freedom for the individual. When you sacrifice the man to the mass, in Church or State, Church or State becomes an offence, a stumbling block in the way of Progress—and must end or mend. —*Theodore Parker.*

Advertisements.

JOHN JOLLIFFE,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
NO. 336 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Attends especially to Claims upon the United States.

"THE GREAT LIVING HISTORY."

THE
REBELLION RECORD
A DIARY OF AMERICAN EVENTS,
EDITED BY
FRANK MOORE.

Publishing in parts, at 50 cents, each part illustrated with two Portraits engraved on steel.

FOUR VOLUMES
are now ready, at annexed prices, until April 1, 1863:

Cloth,	$3 75 a volume.
Sheep,	4 00 "
Half calf, or half Morocco,	6 00 "

THE REBELLION RECORD
IS INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARY.
The four volumes contain:

I.
A FULL AND CONCISE DIARY OF EVENTS, from the Meeting of the SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION in December, 1860, to the capture of New Orleans, inclusive.

II.
Over ONE THOUSAND OFFICIAL REPORTS and NARRATIVES of all the Battles and Skirmishes that have occurred during the War.

III.
Over FIVE HUNDRED SONGS AND BALLADS, both loyal and rebel.

IV.
FORTY-SEVEN PORTRAITS, engraved on steel, of the most celebrated men of the time, and TWENTY-SIX Maps and Plans of Battles.

V.
Over THREE THOUSAND Incidents and Anecdotes of Personal Daring and Bravery.

"AS A WORK FOR CONSTANT REFERENCE IT IS EMINENTLY TO BE RELIED ON."

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher, 532 Broadway.
CHAS. T. EVANS, Gen. Agt., 448 Broadway.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after April 1st, the price of "THE REBELLION RECORD" will be advanced FIFTY CENTS a volume. From that date, the sale